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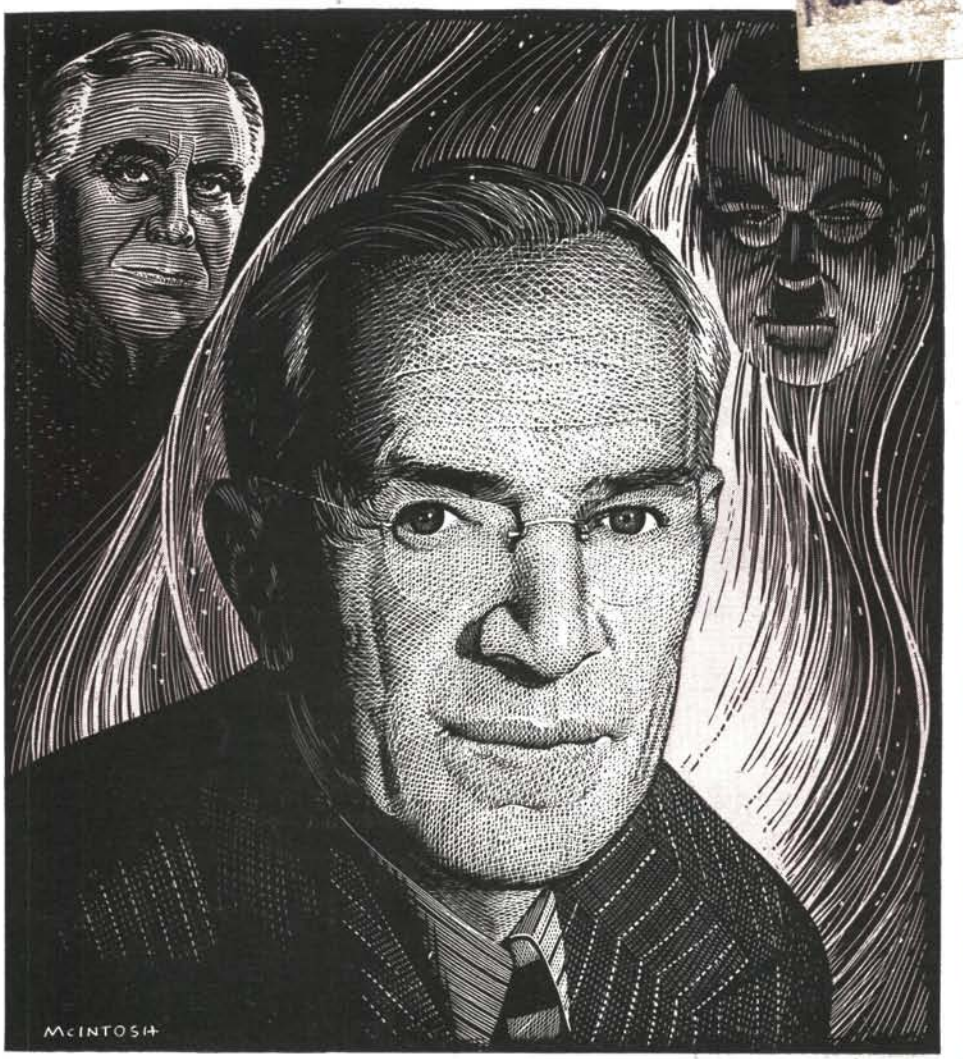

Upton Sinclair, author of "Presidential Mission." *(See page 9)*

Europe's Intellectual Starvation Diet

By EMIL LENGYEL

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These people have just read a new book

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and they say

His book is "brilliant . . . the clearest explanation of the so-called mysteries of the atom that I have come across."[1] It is "fascinating"[2] and "the best piece of scientific-popular exposition I have ever seen."[3] "This extraordinarily fine book"[4] is "to be recommended to all intelligent citizens of this country and other countries,"[5] not only because it is "tremendously absorbing"[6] and "extremely illuminating,"[7] but also because "a physicist who knows how to write"[8] in terms that are "admirably lucid,"[9] has written a book that conveys "the essential ideas without inaccuracies, distortions and omissions."[10] One critic who called it "miraculous" also said, "It gave me a sense of triumph."[11] Another says, "I didn't believe anyone could reduce to popular understanding the fission of the atom. But Hecht does it . . . so interestingly, so simply, so authoritatively, that I think the book will live on."[12] Here is "a masterpiece of exposition . . . that has all the suspense of a mystery story. This is a book that everyone should read, and that no one can read without growing wiser."[13] It is such "a first class job of popularization"[14] that "from now on, no literate person will have a legitimate excuse for dodging the responsibility of knowing the atom."[15] "Scientists have been hoping for a book of this sort ever since the explosion of the first atomic bomb,"[16] and here it is—"the simplest and most understandable presentation on the subject that I have seen,"[17] one that "does more than explain the atom. Better than any other book I know, it manages to convey what science is about."[18]

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May 17, 1947

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TRADE Winds

AS FAR AS THE AVERAGE writer is concerned, that wonderful old Gravy Train for Hollywood has been stricken from the schedule. Approximately 1,100 writers are already on the scene —fighting for about 275 jobs available at all studios combined, under present production schedules. Two hundred fortunate members of this understandably desperate band are the recognized headliners, working under long-term contracts or, by their own choice, on a free-lance basis. They can get jobs on virtually their own terms at any major lot by picking up a telephone. That leaves about seventy-five jobs for the other 900 writers in Hollywood—and every day fresh recruits arrive to make the odds even more frightening.

These figures may be challenged, but they were given to me by one of the shrewdest and most successful executives in Hollywood. Take my word that he knows what he's talking about.

"You people back East," he said, "hear too much about the big-shots. It warps your point of view. How many Hechts, Bracketts, Wilders, Fowlers, Riskins, and Krasnas do you think we have out here anyhow? Yes, it's true Ben Hecht got a thousand dollars a day on one assignment last year, and whimsically demanded his payment in cash at the end of each session. What of it? Hecht probably saved the studio five times what he got by making rewrites and retakes unnecessary. You get fellows like that working on your script, and you cut weeks in your shooting schedule. Did I say there were 200 writers like that in the whole industry? Maybe I put the figure a little too high. Anyhow, there are that many making $1,500 a week or more. But, brother, what a drop it is to the bracket just below!"

Why don't the harassed writers outside the charmed circle come back home? The typical case history of a character we shall call Jonathon Jones should give you a rough idea.

Jones was spotted first by an alert scout for a book publishing house, by virtue of a short short story in an obscure magazine. After two years of careful nursing and editorial assistance, he produced a novel that sold 12,000 copies and won a respectful notice on page six of the *Times Book Review*. One afternoon he brought his wife joyful tidings. He had an offer from Hollywood: ten weeks at $750 a week! "I know I'll hate it out there," he predicted, "but I'll be home before you know it, and I'm a son-of-a-gun if I don't save four thousand bucks of that loot." The writer soon learned, however, that he wasn't going to make that Western trek without friend wife—not to mention his two sons. ("Just think what a couple of weeks of California sunshine will do for those boys!")

So Jonathon Jones, his wife, and sons arrived in Hollywood. After a day in an expensive hotel suite, Mrs. Jones located a wonderful house in Beverly Hills—with a play yard and swimming pool. ("Of course, it's ridiculously beyond our means, but after all, it's just for two months.") Then a kind friend got the youngsters admitted to a fine private school. ("You should just *read* the roll there! Selznick, Wanger, Crosby, Boyer, Leroy, Heyward. . . . Each of those children comes from a famous family!"

Their third night in Hollywood, Jonathon Jones took his wife to Chasen's for dinner. She looked around carefully and told her husband, "If you think I'm going round to places like this in these clothes. . . ." The next day she opened accounts at Bullock's and Magnin's. And another kind friend took her to a prevue at Adrian's where she found the most divine afternoon gown for only $400. Of course, she couldn't be seen after that in a battered old Chevrolet. The Lincoln distributor had just one new convertible left on the floor. . . .

When Jonathon Jones's ten-week option expired, it was, alas, not renewed. Jones, furthermore, was several hundred dollars in the hole. Did he say, "I always knew this place was not for me! It's been a great experience. Let's go home and live like normal human beings again"? Of course, he didn't! Prodded by his wife and his ecstatic progeny, he rushed frantically to his agent, crying, "You've simply got to get me another assignment out here. The longer the better. I don't care what studio or what script. Take $500 if that's the best you can get. I'll lick this racket yet." . . . Jonathon was one more permanent addition to the gallant 900, riding into the jaws of Death, into the mouth of Hell, for one of those seventy-five open writing jobs in Hollywood. . . .

TIME WAS WHEN Stanley Rose and Phil Kubel dominated the retail book market of Los Angeles, but now both of them are gone from the scene, and the business is widely scattered. Pearl Goldwater at Bullock's, Fred Fillingham at the May Company, Ralph Erickson at Robinson's, and Grace Thompson, at the Broadway Store, are all so able, and so close to each other's doorsteps, that they are kept constantly on their toes. As a matter of fact, the big stores in downtown

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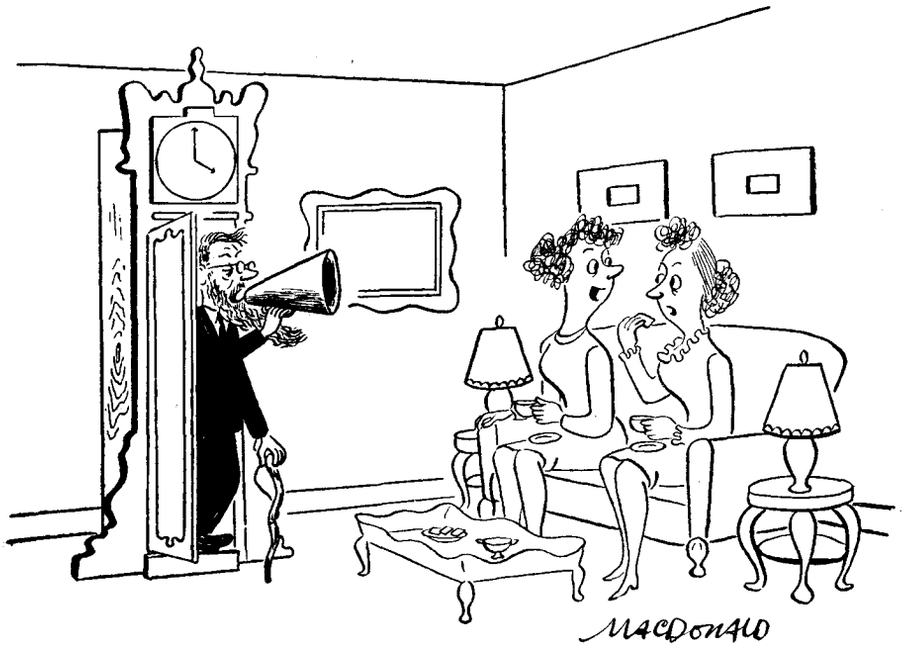


"See! What did I tell you? Every hour on the hour."

Los Angeles have found it expedient to build more and more branches in outlying neighborhoods (some as far distant as Palm Springs, 100 miles to the east). Housewives prefer shopping near home to risking life and limb in downtown traffic.

Brentano's now has two branches in L.A., managed by Gordon Williams, Hazel Clifton, and Rowena Brentano. Most of the Hollywood stars buy their books at Marion Hunter's, The Pickwick Bookshop, or Martindale's. While Mr. Martindale is out flying his plane, the all-knowing Rachel Brand, formerly of Kroch's, presides in his place. Bob Campbell and Jim Hakes divide the patronage of the huge U.C.L.A. student body in Westwood. An unhappy producer recently berated Bob Campbell for recommending a novel whose central character was an atheist. "On your say-so I bought the picture rights," he wailed, "and now I find the Hayes office objects to the atheist, even though we make him repent in the last reel." "Why don't you remind them of the text in the Bible itself?" suggested Bob. "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons." "Say, that's wonderful," agreed the producer. "Who said it?" "The Lead," answered Bob. . . .

A DOZEN MILES from L.A. is opulent Pasadena, home, in ascending importance, of the staid old Huntington Hotel, the Rose Bowl, and Leslie Hood of Vroman's. Leslie began his career in Sioux City, and then detoured through the publishing office of George H. Doran. There, one morning in 1912, he came upon an order from Vroman's for $10 and $25 items exclusively, played the melody on an adding machine—and took the next train for Pasadena. . . . The first time I visited Vroman's, over twenty years ago, Leslie introduced me to Montague Glass and Earl Derr Biggers. The latter was carrying a manuscript whose chances he considered dubious. "It's about a new kind of detective," he said, "Chinese in fact. I call him Charlie Chan." . . . Vroman's has expanded miraculously since those days, and is now one of the biggest book stores in the country. . . . The greatest excitement in the Huntington Hotel since the dedication ceremonies of the Mt. Wilson Observatory came when a famous movie star sought to smuggle a young lady upstairs without registering. When the room clerk insisted he check in properly, he bowed low, flourished his pen, and signed, "Sir Thomas Lipton and Yacht." . . .

CALIFORNIA'S TWO BIGGEST cities (and bitter rivals), Los Angeles and San Francisco, are only a couple of hours apart by air, but many commuters prefer the overnight ride on the Lark, which approaches perfection in railroading. The two-car dining room (the kitchen is in a third car) has a divided circular bar at the pivot, and looks like an exclusive night club. . . . On my way up, a noisy drunk was making a nuisance of himself. "Why don't you pitch him off at Santa Barbara?" somebody asked. "Him? We get that character every night," was the surprising reply. "You mean he just rides back and forth?" I asked. "No," said the steward. "It's always the same character—but a different face."

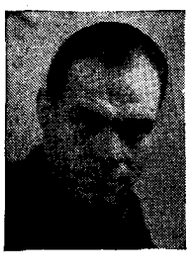
BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

CRITICAL times force people not so much to choose between a good way of life and a bad way of life, but between life and death. In critical times even the bad way of life becomes precious.

But now we wake to find ourselves living in a world we thought was only the fantasy of those pseudo-scientists who wrote and illustrated whizzy interplanetary stories for kids. Most of us feel that in some way we have lived a century since Hiroshima, and that's because we are living supersonically—that is to say, so fast that our screams cannot be heard until after we are dead.

If we survive this Atomic Age, there is no question but that our civilization will flower without roots, for truth has at last become stranger than fiction.



It is the peculiar ability of DENIS DE ROUGEMONT to write about such terrifying and therefore fascinating things with *charm*. He has been doing so for years, and lately he has done so in a little book which costs only two of your inflated dollars and which, being small like the atom, packs a punch like the atom when split.

You might get quite a kick out of splitting open the little pages of **The Last Trump,** for in those pages, DE ROUGEMONT shows humanity still holds in its trembling fist **The Last Trump.**

What that last trump is, I will leave you to find out, for each of you may come to interpret it differently—and that, after all, is democracy.

And let me assure you that here is no word-heavy tone, no intricate discussion of the meta-or-nuclear-physical. The man writes as lightly as the cloud over Bikini, and as radioactively.

It's a great privilege to be able to touch the hem of eternity for two dollars, and it might make you feel a little more secure in the trembling lightflash of recent history. You might do well to keep a pencil with you, because he says some things more neatly and clearly than you will be likely to find even where it says "For Emergency: Dial Operator."

paul

DOUBLEDAY 50th Anniversary

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Adventure by flashlight

WE used to live next door to a very tough little boy who played halfback with the local team back of the bakery. His parents thought it would be nice if he played the violin, and there was a period of amnesty in which he was removed from the football field, washed, and sent off to lessons once a week. His mother thought it was fine when he got into the school orchestra, but that didn't last long because he got into a terrible fist-fight with the first violinist, whom he socked in the middle of a rehearsal for a Mother's Day concert. The first violinist fell into the little boy's violin, and the little boy went back to being halfback full-time.

We went through a good part of grammar school together and we remember certain endearing things about him, including the fact that his mother was a good cook. His name was John, and he had the faint burr of a Scottish accent and a kind of wild and fanciful imagination that made it fun to have him around when you made up games. He used to think up strenuous and very wonderful and gallant games about knights and warriors and sometimes about cowboys and Indians, being in the friendly, pre-cement-block days before the evolution of Dick Tracy or Fearless Fosdick. We remember going to the library Saturday afternoons with John and a bunch of other kids, and how we waited and waited until we could have grown-up cards and take out any book at all. And then when we could, how we still liked the old true stories of adventure and the old impossible romances that we'd had before.

This will not turn into a "John is a big man now with lots of little boys and girls of his own" story, because as a matter of fact John never got to be very tall and he moved away to the west years and years ago. There was a rumor once that he had gone to Alaska, but no one seems to know that for a fact. He used to hate babies and they never figured in any part of his imagination that we could see. We like to think of him now as a kind of Scotch Viking in Alaska, saying "mush, mush" in a voice that makes you think of heather, and reading wild tales of adventure in a kind of frozen wasteland we dimly connect with places north of Boston.

John will probably always stay in our mind as the hard-hitting and imaginative adventurer of the old days. He would have hated being tucked into a literary comparison, but he had a quality somebody once defined as imagination—the ability to see double: not only what is, but what may be; not only the obvious surface, but also the underlying meaning. If he had read BEOWULF, he would have been Beowulf. But he was only one among generations of children who have needed the satisfaction of imaginative nourishment. He was the tough kid of today who climbs into bed with a flashlight so that he can finish *King Arthur* or the *Arabian Nights*. And equal generations of literal-minded adults have not been able to stop it. A child's imagination grows with exercise, and despite the spectator-adventure provided by today's radio, comics, and movies, children continue to recognize the enduring strength and universality of the folk and hero tales.

This spring we're publishing two books it would have been nice to have had in those days of football back of the bakery. One is a collection of West African folk tales called THE COW-TAIL SWITCH, stories gathered by Harold Courlander and George Herzog on expeditions to the "Dark Continent". They're real and honest, full of the quick humor and fantasy children love, and the subtle thrusts at human foibles which endear a thing to the newly-sophisticated adult. There are strong black and white illustrations and anthropological notes on the origins of the stories for the serious-minded.

Certain parallels, but greater contrasts, are to be found in a new, very beautiful edition of BEOWULF, in a translation by Dorothy Hosford, whose SONS OF THE VOLSUNGS has been high on children's book lists for more than ten years. Here the drawings have a magnificence and spirit which echo the fine dignity of Mrs. Hosford's translation (although what boys like John will do to the dignity of the language when they start acting it out on the back porch, as one of our editor's children did, we would not care to predict).

But if you live next door to a small boy who plays halfback, or a little girl who doubles at first, or some creature of the night who sneaks in a copy of THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO by flashlight, the gift of one of these books might make you a good egg even if you are a grown-up.

THE COW-TAIL SWITCH
And Other West African Tales
By HAROLD COURLANDER and GEORGE HERZOG
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The Saturday Review of Literature

Europe's Intellectual Starvation Diet

EMIL LENGYEL

WE HAVE been attempting to feed Europe's body but letting her spirit starve. Recently, I paid a visit to Central and Eastern Europe—a heartbreaking experience. Ravaged as former-enemy Europe is, it is far more devastated intellectually than physically. With that goes its moral and spiritual collapse. During the war we told Axis-Europe that we would help her redeem herself. We were talking a lot about the New World "educating" the Old World. Today the Old World accuses us of having broken our pledge. It accuses us of having withdrawn into intellectual isolationism.

My own personal experience makes the point. I did not want to go with empty hands from rich America to poor Europe, so I stuffed my suitcases with candy, smokes, and lipstick—all highly appreciated. But a friend expressed the popular reaction to it: "You would receive a monument if you had brought us American books." The editor of a brilliant Hungarian weekly said, "Why don't you Americans help us 'educate' ourselves? Give us the tools and we'll do the rest."

The intellectual aridity of that part of Europe is the result of historic facts. The war isolated it from the rest of the world seven years ago. Children have grown into adulthood during those long years, and not even the most alert could retain contact with the West. Germany withdrew into the ice age, and her Eastern satellites were driven in that direction. The period of isolation began in many cases long before the war. It began in Austria with the advent of her own brand of fascism. In Rumania and Yugoslavia the war was preceded by royal dictatorships which frowned upon all but the most frivolous type of contact with the West. A full generation of Hungarians was deprived of the more adult forms of intellectual nourishment.

Before the actual outbreak of the war some American thought managed to ooze into Central-Eastern Europe. When war came, nothing remained save some heavily-thumbed books and memories. An intellectual "maquis" came into existence fighting for its right to read forbidden literature. Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down" became a "maquis" classic until copies disintegrated from too much handling. Before that, however, it had been committed to long hand the way medieval scribes perpetuated their manuscripts.

Then came the liberation, and with it the "Great Betrayal," as I have heard it described many times. For years these tens of millions of Central-Eastern Europeans had been living in an intellectual vacuum, saturated with Nazi propaganda, until all but the strongest succumbed. Now the Word was to come from the mountains and plains of America. As soon as truce was achieved, ships should have been standing ready to rush the arms of peace to strategic sectors with the same magnificient energy which won the war for us. But the arms of peace were immobilized.

Certain wheels started whirring, it is true. American occupation forces went into newspaper publishing, and the work they did was good. The American Army daily in Vienna, *Wiener Courier*, for instance, lived up to the highest ideals of Central-European journalism. We have also published documentary books in our regions, including a collection of important wartime documents, from the Atlantic Charter to the United States Charter. Top-flight American historians wrote an American history for European consumption. An attempt was made to publish a magazine on the *Foreign Affairs* level. Farther East, however, where the Red Army had the field, the "iron curtain" stopped us.

OUR State Department Information Service has set up reference libraries in key positions. It even rent the iron curtain and opened libraries in Red Army sectors in Budapest; for example, the American reference library is operating in the centrally located Gresham Palace. There the extent of intellectual starvation is revealed. A line of would-be readers besieges the fort before the doors are open. Then there is a short but bitter tussle for the most popular books. Accommodations being inadequate, many readers make themselves comfortable on the bare floor.

Army newspapers have been taken over by native, politically screened journalists, bent on doing their best. But, as one of them told me, it was thrashing straw, since the grain of learning was withheld. Teachers and professors expressed the same view. So ignorant did they consider themselves in their new world of new values that some of them described themselves as charlatans.

Efforts have been made to fill the gap through private initiative. Freed Europe was enabled to buy our books. What could be a more desirable aim? Unluckily, it did not work, since Europe consists of watertight compartments, between which the blood of economic life—the dollar—cannot circulate. Publishers want to sell their books for money, not merely for good will. And money cannot be secured because of strict currency regulations. Had they been able to finance the shipments, who would have been able to purchase them? Most of Europe is

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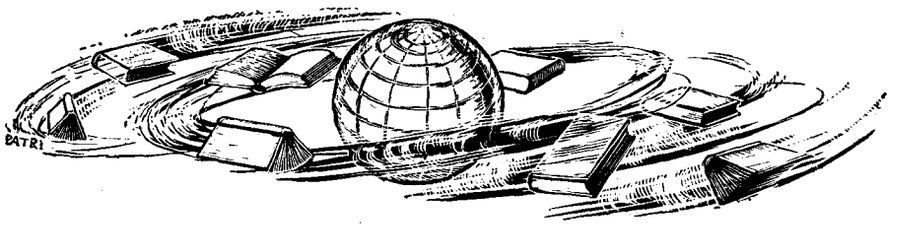

on a bread-and-soup diet. A small minority is living on caviar and champagne fare. The former have no money, and the latter have no interest in intellectual menus. Business is out as a solution. What about charity?

More significant in what it implies rather than what it says is a statement by the Headquarters of the United States Forces in Austria, the Department of State, and the War Department, released March 16, declaring it the policy of the United States to encourage private organizations, institutions, and individuals in the United States and Austria to facilitate the exchange of cultural materials. Books and pamphlets head the list of materials Americans should be encouraged to send Austria. If anything, this is an admission of the failure of the Governmental organization of the United States to carry out its "long-term educational program" in the areas under its control. The work is now thrown into the laps of "private organizations, institutions, and individuals in the United States and Austria." And the American Military Government in Austria has a deserved reputation for high efficiency.

The first to collect books for their home country were the Austrians of America, and in a short time they piled up some 30,000 volumes, from cook books to integral calculus. A delegate of the American-Hungarian Society came to the United States to collect books from American universities. He considered himself quite lucky to get more than a thousand volumes. Throughout the region medical books were in great demand, as word had reached it that America had made phenomenal strides in that field during the war. Nationals of some countries began collecting technical books of all kinds. If former Axis-Europe was to reform, its children must be exposed to our light. The Treasure Chest campaign was launched to send books to children in the Allied countries. Eventually the scope of the campaign was extended to children in former Axis-Europe as well.

All of these activities barely scratched the surface. The task is so gigantic that individuals and private charity organizations cannot do justice to it. Only governmental and inter-governmental organizations would be able to undertake the task. The American Government could do it, and it would be worth the effort. The UNESCO may be able to do it, but how long will it take before it can get started?

MEANWHILE the United States is missing a great opportunity to win the peace now being waged across the globe. That chance has been given to us by the famine for American books raging everywhere. Through those books the cultural hunger of key people could be stilled, and thereby one of the great problems of our age solved. Through those books knowledge about our way of life could be spread without benefit of the atomic bomb. It is to be hoped that it will not take another war to convince our lawgivers that books are really weapons. It took the convincing power of an awful war to teach them that airplanes were essential. Some Congressmen may deprecate the value of books because they lack time to pore over them. They do not seem to realize that books have magic qualities amplifying their still, small voices many, many times.

For almost four months the House Appropriations Committee has been wrangling about a request for funds by the Office of International Information and Cultural Affairs (a branch of the State Department, headed by Assistant Secretary of State William Benton). The request was not for billions of dollars—not even for hundreds of millions. It was for a mere twenty-five million dollars. And only a small part would purchase books to fulfil our pledge "to insure the institution of a progressive, long-term educational program designed to eradicate all traces of Nazi ideology." Forty per cent would go into our overseas radio work. The remainder would be distributed among four organizations for exchange of professors and students, motion pictures, publications, and finally, international libraries and institutes. But a fraction of this portion would be for rehabilitating European countries. Most of it would be earmarked for the British Empire, Latin America, and France.

Up to last April, the OIIC had received a mere $221,000. Since then it has been operating in limbo, hoping to receive $19,000 to carry on until the end of the fiscal year, June 30. Nineteen thousand dollars to help finance sixty-seven informational libraries and cultural centers in forty-one countries!

There are no trained personnel in the American libraries in the Russian sphere. In the crucial European areas I visited American libraries are sheltered mostly in the United States legations and embassies. Those that have quarters of their own frequently have to be content with one crowded room. The stock of these libraries consists mostly of "Americana" reference tools and "samples" of more current literature. These books are little more than teasers. With people literally tearing them out of one another's hands, their average life is short.

In Germany the situation is even less satisfactory. The American Occupation Army took over "reorientation" there last July, adding to its numerous other tasks operation of

(*Continued on page* 29)

This Summer They Were Hungry

By Arthur Gregor

TO THIS war-torn town
the luminous gold of the morning glow
is a dawn forecasting a foulness
that lurks for the coming day
in wooden frames
wherein sleep lies
in twisting agony of waking.
Night yet dripping from such forms,
the rotten wood exposed to heat
portends an atmosphere of a rancid sun

when day is here,
and hunger sucks the nipple-drops
of blood and sweat
that swell the mother pain,
the water veins of the naked child.
The swollen empty bellies
of children baking mud-pies
to somehow still the inner cries
of hunger curve their legs,
like volcanic growls

that weaken tiger bones
when the tiger smells not only human flesh,
but human laughter in coral feasts
beneath the sea.
And gaining day creates this monster
carved distinctly in the sun,
a hunger beast
that licks its tongue
between the shrunken stomach pits
and fire of the otherwise empty, realistic day.

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Courier Extraordinary

PRESIDENTIAL MISSION. By Upton Sinclair. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 641 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

IN "Presidential Mission," (Opus No. 8 in the Lanny Budd cycle) Upton Sinclair continues to be what he has always been: one of the most audacious, prolific, and incorrigible of American writers. He will probably never be anything else, and there is nothing anyone can do about him. It is much too late to change or discourage this prodigious man. If he were less prodigious he might at least be ignored, but ignoring Upton Sinclair is about as successful as ignoring a fire under your bed. He has catastrophic energy, a hat-full of ideas, and sufficient industry to furnish forth a dozen ordinary writers. But in spite of his admitted gifts, passionately exercised for the last forty years in a variety of journalistic crusades, Upton Sinclair has little standing among contemporary writers, and practically no reputation with critics. Nor is it likely that his latest Lanny Budd novel will add one cubit to his creative stature or win him a place in the literary sun.

All too clearly, Mr. Sinclair does not care about these minor matters. He has something much more solid and profitable to fall back on—an audience of devoted readers who are mad for Lanny Budd and will doubtless snap up several hundred thousand copies of "Presidential Mission" before the run is over. Mr. Sinclair and his publishers count it a poor year when less than 100,000 customers buy the annual, fat new volume in this seemingly endless series. (The last one sold 750,000 copies.) Reviewers of Mr. Sinclair's work must take care, then, lest a note of envy creep into their scornings.

What prompts the popular acclaim that greets each new canto of the Lanny Budd saga? To make no mystery of the matter, it would seem that Mr. Sinclair has whipped up a self-rising batter containing the age-old ingredients of adventure and international intrigue, seasoned it with the names of exalted personages, and slid it into a quick brown oven. For the benefit of persons who haven't tasted this dish, suppose we describe it in bite-sized detail:

The hero of the piece is Lanning Prescott Budd, heir to a vast industrial fortune vaguely on the scale of Chrysler, Bendix, Lockheed, or Baldwin Locomotive. At any rate Lanny is a wealthy, intelligent, and personable chap who foots it with speed

and discretion between Washington, London, Paris, and Berlin, not to mention Marrakech, Cairo, and points east. He is privy to everything, but *everything,* that happens in high, secret places; if there is something he doesn't know, "key" people in all the big embassies will slip him the facts in code. Well, it seems that this Budd character in the course of his previous adventures has become an intimate friend and trusted advisor of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, so when the President wants someone to handle a particularly delicate or dangerous job, he naturally turns to Lanny. Now it also happens that Lanny speaks German *sehr gut* and lives on terms of Old Heidelberg *bruderschaft* with the Hitler-Goering set. Practically buddies. So when the African campaign gets going, Lanny walks in on the Nazis, swaps military secrets with them, and, of course, gets much the better of the trade.

A few minor characters like Winston Churchill, General Eisenhower, Rudolf Hess, Fala, and De Gaulle are brought in from time to time to spice the narrative or speed the plot. The scene shifts rapidly from Hyde Park to Downing Street, the Sahara and Berchtesgaden just to show how Lanny can get around. Kilroy will die of vexation if he ever reads this book.

Actually what the author has done, is to set a fictional character in motion against a backdrop of real persons and historic facts. This is a legitimate and daring technique: customer response indicates that Mr. Sinclair has successfully accomplished what he attempted to do. The readers like it just fine, and not even this crabbed critic would suggest that Mr. Sinclair alter one jot or tittle of what he has written. For better or worse, his Lanny Budd novels succeed because they purvey to the well-known human fondness for peering over the shoulder of exalted person-

THE AUTHOR: "I have tried hard to change the world," sixty-eight-year-old Upton Sinclair says retrospectively of a life-long rebellion. His first target was alcohol, which his father—impoverished scion of a distinguished Southern family — merchandised while the teetotaling young Baltimorean attended New York schools. He entered CCNY at fourteen, then supported himself through Columbia writing for pulps. At twenty-one he married and retired to rural poverty. From 1901-1906 he wrote five unprofitable novels, sired a son, and warred against capitalism. In "Love's Pilgrimage," an allegory of that period, his protagonist recanted a prejudice against sex. Fame from "The Jungle," indicting Chicago's stockyards, endured; his resultant fortune evaporated with fire-razed Helicon Hall—a socialist experiment. He lost California's 1934 Democratic governorship on an End-Poverty-in-California platform, rebankrupting himself. To more than sixty books he added eight volumes recording the adventures of Lanny Budd, "an amalgam of several characters" he's known. "Dragon's Teeth," No. 3, won a 1943 Pulitzer Prize. They take a year apiece. He sets his typewriter in his Monrovia rose garden mornings, pounding out 1,000-1,500 words in three hours. Afternoons he revises. Evenings he walks and plots new chapters. "I am now loading up my mind for volume nine," says Mr. Sinclair. He's just finished "A Giant's Strength," a play about the atomic bomb future. "I believe socialized industry along TVA lines is perfectly compatible with free, democratic institutions," he says. "It is along these lines that I hope to see the world's problems solved." He's average height, weighs "a bit too much," has misty, blue-gray eyes, gray hair. His voice is gentle. Charlie Chaplin enjoys imitating him because he "always speaks through a smile."

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ages while affairs stand, as J. Caesar said, *in angustus res.* As sheer reading matter "Presidential Mission" combines the best features of E. Phillips Oppenheim and Milton Caniff.

I can say of the Lanny Budd novels what Santayana said of the Dolly Sisters: "Their charm eludes me." Yet why should it be so? Quite apart from personal taste, are there not absolute and compelling values in Mr. Sinclair's work? It would seem so. Epic material, historically important characters, and a style that assuredly does not dawdle—should not these combine to please the lover of a fast tale?

For a long time I was puzzled by the failure of the Lanny Budd novels to seize my interest. Trying to think the matter through, I can come to only one conclusion about Mr. Sinclair as a novelist—and it is the last thing that any creative writer wants to hear about his work. But the fact is that Upton Sinclair almost entirely lacks the mysterious power of making action *credible.* Not that he is ever fantastic or preposterous, but he simply does not succeed in achieving that "willing suspension of disbelief" which is the sole art and aim of the romancer. And this failure is due either to a deficiency in Mr. Sinclair's creative powers, or—as I am more inclined to think—to the slipshod, hasty manner in which he produces his books.

Let me illustrate by the episode in which our hero beards Hitler in his own den, and convinces the Fuehrer that he, Lanny Budd, the son of an American arms manufacturer, can be trusted to disclose military information of the most confidential sort. To bring this scene off would require the narrative genius of a Conrad and the psychologic insight of Henry James.

Upton Sinclair may, for all I know, possess both of these gifts, but he simply hasn't got time to exercise them. Driven by a compulsion that has always marked his work, he must write a long book every year, so instead of making his novel great, or profound, he merely makes it rambling and shallow. Unfortunately, he is content to report events as happening, rather than actually making them happen. The difference is the difference between Dumas and Stendhal, Daumier and Rube Goldberg. And as I said in the beginning, it is a difference that Mr. Upton Sinclair cares nothing about and need not bother to remedy.

Henry Morton Robinson is the author of the current best-seller "The Great Snow." His first novel was "The Perfect Round."

In the Summer of '39

BEFORE THE CROSSING. By Storm Jameson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 262 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

WHEN, in the summer of 1939, David Renn, novelist and an official of the Foreign Office Intelligence Staff, sees trenches "being dug in front of a war memorial of 1914-18," he thinks to himself, "The air on both edges of a war is good for ghosts." Certainly "Before the Crossing" is full of ghosts. Its action takes place entirely in the two months before the war broke; the scene London, Paris, and a London suburb. It is a taut, wise, touching story, concerned with fools, villains, the immature adults in high places, and a boy eighteen years old jerked into maturity by the folly of his elders, their cynicism and that ghastly "realism" so alien from truth that it came near breaking our civilization. For this last war was different.

"Before the Crossing" is an exciting novel, a "thriller" of the same kind as one of Graham Greene's, but written with a quieter, maturer wisdom. Miss Jameson is not content to present us with villains—she always lets us know, by insinuation or statement, how the wrong turn was taken, what pressure has diverted men and women into evil and its service. So, we watch Georgina Swan; Julian Swan himself, the shoddy British Hitler; Louis Earlham, the corrupt Labor M.P., and T. S. Heywood, the physicist who has sold himself to the merchants of war. We watch them in the *danse macabre;* and none is without excuse, none is really alien to us, not even the brutal soldier of fortune, Captain Hunt.

When Henry Smith, a Labor member of Parliament, is found dead, with both his eyes shot out on a lonely wharf in Deptford, his friend David Renn starts an apparently hopeless search for the murderer. Renn, as is the custom in England, has friends and acquaintances in all political camps: and he is sure that Smith has been killed because he had discovered something to the discredit of one of the supporters of Hitler in England. As a detective story "Before the Crossing" is a success; and Miss Jameson is free from any inclination to idealize the work of the detective, or to minimize its hardening effects on a man's character. But the strength of this book lies in the sharp characterization, the skill with which we are taken into the very atmosphere of London, of Paris. There is fine and indignant satire in the portrait of the greedy, ease-loving people, minor authors, society women, pompous bureaucrats; and to balance them is not only the haggard, anxious figure of Renn, the disappointed, heartbroken figure of Louis Earlham's wife —but in the careful, precise sketch of the eighteen-year-old Arnold Coster, Miss Jameson has conveyed the very quality of that young generation which knew its elders were lost, and went to their deaths to save them. The idyll of this boy and the weeping child next door, told with no trace of sentimentality, is one of the tenderest and most triumphant pieces of writing we have had from Miss Jameson.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 204

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 204 *will be found in the next issue.*

LG RGACFTH DSLPGFL

KNAMTH SX LG LHSFZEP

DSLPGFL MWGHQ.

ESTHHT RGHATSWWT

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 203

Coquetry is of advantage only to the beautiful.

PROPERTIUS
Elegies.

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Mr. Erskine's Multi-Stringed Bow

THE MEMORY OF CERTAIN PERSONS. By John Erskine. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1947. 439 pp. $4.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS is a cheerful record of a successful life—or, rather, a partial record — composed with emphasis upon persons known and remembered by the author. It is significant that the book's index is one of personal names only, and it is notable that, according to a rough count, there are more than seven hundred and fifty of these names.

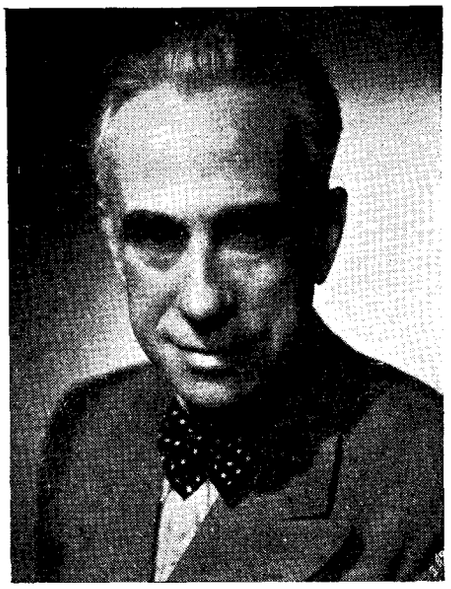
Mr. Erskine has taught English at Columbia and at Amherst; he has written popular fiction, inconspicuous poetry, and respected non-fiction; he has crowned a lifelong devotion to music by playing piano concertos with first-rate symphony orchestras; he has been president of the Juilliard School, vestryman of Trinity, and a cultural ambassador to South America. During the first great war he served with the *foyers du soldat* just behind the line, and was largely responsible for the execution of the post-armistice educational program which sent American soldiers to French and English universities and established the American Expeditionary Forces University at Beaune. He has toured the United States as a lecturer, and among his major compositions is the plan which pulled the Metropolitan Opera Association out of the financial bog in which it had been firmly embedded by Signor Gatti-Casazza. This list of activities is not complete, but it will give readers unacquainted with John Erskine some idea of the man with whom they have to deal when they pick up "The Memory of Certain Persons."

Most numerous among these remembered persons are those met in academic settings: fellow undergraduates, fellow teachers, and pupils at Columbia; fellow teachers and pupils at Amherst; French professorial visiters to the United States, and at least one notable representative of German scholarship. In this large company there are a few famous men, and many more of solid worth but limited reputation. On most of these figures memory lingers briefly; some are mere names. The portrait of George Edward Woodberry, an extraordinary teacher, is perhaps the most fully drawn, but even this is no more than a fractional sketch. Mr. Erskine is an easy master of the polite phrase and the conventional friendly tribute. Almost invariably kind, he seldom permits himself even so gentle a dig as that with which he scratches William Ellery Leonard, when he writes that Leonard "had just returned from Germany, and had brought back with him two accomplishments, the ability to improvise limericks in Latin and a knack of insinuating, or shouting from the housetops, his contempt for his native land." Occasionally a descriptive phrase or judgment stays in the reader's mind after the page is turned, but, generally speaking, this autobiography displays only a modest ability in either the depiction or the analysis of character.

Mr. Erskine is a polite man, as I have said, which means that he is one who often holds his tongue. He has held it I suspect in the cases of Nicholas Murray Butler and Brander Matthews. But he can also speak his mind plainly when he so chooses. Regarding the resignations of Woodberry and MacDowell from Columbia, he declares: "I doubt if Columbia ever recovered from the mistake of letting these men go. No university can afford the reputation of being inhospitable to genius." Having noted his connection with the Poetry Society of America, he sums up: "But except for the friendships which came incidentally through these meetings, they were a prodigious waste of time. All literary societies are. Every writer needs an audience, but his audience should not be a private organization with admission, rules, and dues." As a member of New York City's Municipal Art Commission, Mr. Erskine had "a front-row seat at the tragedy which the WPA projects were enacting." These arts projects, he says bluntly, "did little to preserve veteran skills," but put a premium on untrained talent; a practice which may be explained by the fact that, "in politics majorities count, and the youthful and untrained will always outnumber the mature and competent." Mr. Erskine is no less frank in stating his disappointment in the leadership of Franklin D. Roosevelt. "For two terms I had given him an almost sentimental admiration. I still think his place in history will rest upon those years, when he articulated for his countrymen principles of liberalism which the majority were hungry to hear. That is reason enough for his fame; much of what followed can be forgotten and forgiven."

Of his family life, including his boyhood in New York City and Weehawken, Mr. Erskine writes pleasantly, with a sincerity that is respectful of good taste, with a sentiment that is never mawkish. He does justice to the part that religion has played in his life, but with him religion and music have always been so harmoniously united that one may suspect that a silent church would mean less to him than one made sonorous by organ and full-throated choir. He has a few things to say regarding the teaching of English literature (he believes in the virtues of original composition and free discussion by the students), and even less to say regarding literature itself. A passing tribute to Lafcadio Hearn, whose lectures Mr. Erskine edited; echoes from a thesis on the Elizabethan lyric; an interesting passage on Poe in European translations—this just about completes the list of literary topics with which this professor deals. A banker's autobiography might well boast a longer list.

"The Memory of Certain Persons" is not a particularly thoughtful book, it is not a book of ideas, but its author has said that it may be followed by other autobiographical volumes, and in these he may give us more of his inner and less of his outer life. In the organization of the present factual record Mr. Erskine has been workmanlike, while stopping comfortably short of art.



—*James Abresch.*

John Erskine writes "with a sincerity that is respectful of good taste, a sentiment that is never mawkish."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 685)

SZIGETI:
WITH STRINGS ATTACHED

When one encounters nowadays indications like "freely singing," "with bite," "bouncy," and the like, one feels like offering up a vote of thanks for such concrete images. . . . And doesn't the jazz leader use "Sock it" instead of our *sforzando*?

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Switched by the Lion's Tail

PALESTINE: STAR OR CRESCENT? By Nevill Barbour. New York: The Odyssey Press. 1947. 296 *pp.* $3.

PALESTINE, A STUDY OF JEWISH, ARAB, AND BRITISH POLICIES. Prepared by the Esco Foundation. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1947. 2 *vols.* 1380 *pp.* $12.

Reviewed by JAY HUREWITZ

SO INTENSE have been the passions aroused by the situation in Palestine that most of the rapidly multiplying books on the subject fall into the class of special pleading. This is perhaps inevitable as long as the basic problems springing from and interlocked with that troublesome mandate remain unsolved, and the chief partisans—the British, Arabs, and Zionists—feel that the course of future events can still be altered by presenting the "facts" to the public. A good deal of the indispensable source material is likely to continue confidential for decades to come. Until this material is subjected to dispassionate, scholarly examination, a wholly reliable analysis of the Palestine Mandate cannot be made.

Meanwhile, existing sources of information on Palestine are commonly so biased and contradictory, that any writer can adduce "facts" to fit any preconceived theory. Some authors marshal only that data which is not likely to distract the reader from a single line of reasoning; Nevill Barbour's "Palestine: Star or Crescent?" is an example of this type of writing. Others include all the evidence at their command so that the reader will understand the situation better and hence come to endorse the position presented. To this class belongs "Palestine, A Study of Jewish, Arab, and British Policies," prepared by the Esco Foundation, a private organization formed in 1942 for the purpose of making "available the materials needed for any reasonable solution" of the Palestine impasse.

The two works contrast sharply in all respects. Barbour's narrative, which previously appeared in England under another title, is largely personal, based on six years' residence in Palestine between 1933-39; it presents the Arab viewpoint. The pro-Zionist analysis of the Esco Foundation is based on monographs contributed by twenty Christian and Jewish scholars, and took more than three years to produce. Barbour's effort is little more than a political attack on Zionism and on British policy in Palestine in the inter-war years. The Esco study, as edited by a former member of the Jewish Agency Executive, I. B. Berkson, portrays the political scene on a broad social, economic, and cultural canvas.

Barbour's thesis is, in brief, that during the First World War the Zionists deceived Britain into giving them the Balfour Declaration by promises of aid to the Allied cause, promises which they never kept. The British and the Zionists then proceeded jointly to defraud the Palestine Arabs of their country. But the "arrogant" Zionists, never satisfied with Britain's pledge to set up a Jewish national home, "privately" aspired to establish a Jewish state. The 1939 White Paper, with its stringent curbs on Jewish immigration and land purchase, is pictured as a belated but inadequate step in the right direction. The only just solution, Barbour is persuaded, would be to have "the existing population of Palestine" form an independent government.

Barbour's book is replete with inconsistencies. When it suits the purpose, the Zionist movement is described as if it were a single-minded, united organization; at other times, it is declared to be splintered and disunited. The ultimate objective of all Zionists is a Jewish state; the goal of certain moderate Zionist groups is a bi-national Arab-Jewish state. Though unreservedly in the Arab camp, the author devotes very little attention to internal Arab affairs. No effort is made to describe the political structure of the Arab community, the nature of the Arab nationalist movement, or the concentration of political power in the hands of a small circle.

These problems and many other related ones are examined in great detail in the Esco two-volume, 1380-page analysis. Unlike Barbour's story, which rarely takes the reader outside of Palestine, the Esco study inquires into the changing Arab, British, and Zionist activities, opinions, and policies against the shifting background of international relations and the political, social, and economic developments in Europe and the Near East. It is avowedly pro-Zionist but investigates objectively the rise of Palestine Arab nationalism, the reasons why the British gradually "whittled down" their interpretation of the Balfour Declaration, and the conflicting trends among Zionists and Jews throughout the world. The scheme is thus comprehensive, though not always well balanced.

As compared with Barbour's succinct, readable style, the Esco study is ponderous and repetitious. The chapters covering the period through the early thirties are distinctly superior to those concerned with the subsequent years. The various sections, moreover, are of uneven quality; this perhaps could not have been avoided, since the contributors did not all possess equal competence. Of particular merit are William Foxwell Albright's discussion of the Christian communities in Palestine and their attitudes toward Muslims and Jews, and Gustave E. von Grünebaum's treatment of the social and religious structure of the Arab world, the history of Arab nationalism, and minorities under the Arabs. No final solution to the Palestine problem is proposed.

The Esco study contains an exhaustive bibliography of official documents and reports as well as books and articles, and a useful three-section map of Palestine. Because of its forbidding length, it is destined to find its proper place on reference shelves, to be used by students and scholars rather than to provide literary fare for the layman.

J. C. Hurewitz, Palestine expert for the OSS during the war, is now writing a book on the crisis in Palestine.

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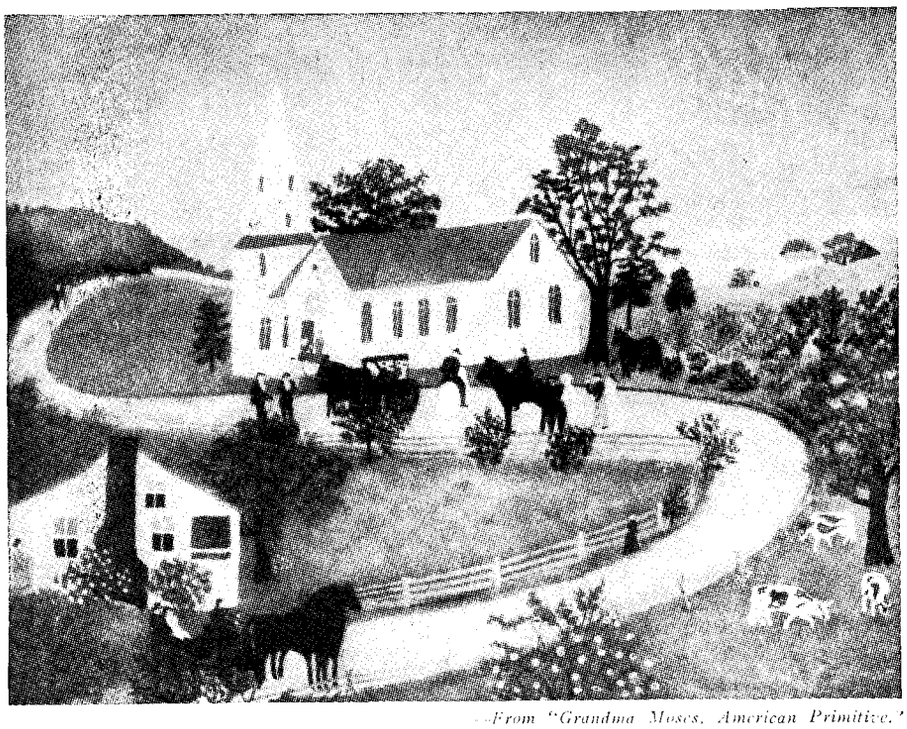

From "Grandma Moses, American Primitive."

"Going to Church," by Grandma Moses.

Middletown in Middlesex

CONCORD: AMERICAN TOWN. By Townsend Scudder. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1947. 395 pp. $5.

Reviewed by DIXON WECTER

LOCAL history is no longer written *in vacuo*, as it generally was a century ago when Lemuel Shattuck wrote his "History of the Town of Concord," heavy with data piled up out of sheer antiquarian greed. The new regionalism (reflected for instance in the WPA Guides and series like the Rivers of America) has helped destroy the old frame of isolation, while modern social historians train one's gaze to travel back and forth between the homely local pattern and the broad national design. Under Mr. Scudder's microscope Concord is a teeming drop of water sucked up from the big pool of American life. Here at leisure one can study ecology and mutation, as into Concord's ken swim the independence movement, Shays's rebellion, debates over the Constitution, the Unitarian fission, agitation about Masonry and Romanism, advent of the railroad and the Irish, the Log Cabin campaign, temperance, abolition, the irrepressible conflict, woman suffrage, boosterism in business, and two world wars.

Mr. Scudder appreciates that the life history of Concord is not just the story of a country town. As a matrix of action and opinion it is as truly American as the Lynds' Muncie, Indiana—whose method of stalking the typical, of "boarding around" and chatting with unselfconscious citizens, he has adopted here. This is a Massachusetts Middletown, and more. For this community at the junction of the Assabet and Concord rivers, of farm folk, millers, tavern keepers, and mechanics, became for one deathless moment the bull's-eye of modern history, on April 19, 1775. A hundred years later Concord's young Daniel Chester French, as his freshman commission, produced the statue of the Minuteman that became one of the most cherished hieroglyphs of American patriotism. The symbol is recurrent; as this review is written, in the morning's paper I see an urgent appeal from the Attorney General for Congressional support of the Truman program for aid to non-communist nations, invoking the determination of "the Concord patriots who fired the shot heard round the world."

Whether in town meeting or field of battle, Buttricks, Hosmers, Bulkeleys, Hoars, Ripleys, Prescotts transmitted genes of leadership, often for three hundred years, lending Concord an importance out of all proportion to her size.

Culturally, Concord had a destiny still more notable, in supplying the taproot for New England's flowering. (It is perhaps inevitable that Mr. Scudder borrows a few devices from Van Wyck Brooks, including the habit of stitching quotable phrases from sources into his text—which, like the similar indirect discourse of T. S. Eliot and the allusive poets, pleases the reader courting the shock of recognition and mildly annoys him who hankers for good old-fashioned quotation marks.) While continuing true to the ways of provincial New England, with her Court Week where horses and gossip were swapped, or her annual Cattle Show where Mr. Emerson sometimes took third prize for grapes, and at all times her Yankee blend of idealism and sharpness, courage and cantankerousness, Concord found herself one of the world's intellectual capitals. Emerson, shaper of the American mind, carried her fame over the earth. Henry Thoreau (whom Concord tended to regard till the end of his days as that irresponsible young man who set the woods on fire) made a local body of water the most celebrated pond in human history, while Hawthorne enshrined the Old Manse, hard by the still more historic North Bridge. Margaret Fuller, Bronson Alcott and his daughter Louisa, Ellery Channing, Frank Sanborn, Ephraim Wales Bull, cultivator of the Concord grape, and Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar were all citizens of no mean township, whose lines of influence stretched to the world's end.

This fact transfigures Concord the typical into Concord the unique, lending it a dimension unknown to the Lynds' Middletown—whose sole contribution to literature, I believe, is a good craftsman and friend of mine, C. E. Scoggins, who writes adventure yarns for *The Saturday Evening Post*. Why this burgeoning happened at such a time and place is never completely answered by Mr. Scudder; on the whole, the fine opening chapter of Henry Canby's "Thoreau" is rather more satisfying on this subject. Of course it is not explicable by strict logic, but the pioneering strenuousness of Concord's traditions, its nearness to Harvard College and Boston without being part of the vortex, and after 1834 the lodestone of Emerson's presence, are among the causes.

For his general plan and its fulfilment Mr. Scudder merits hearty praise. He has a keen eye for the significant detail; an apt pen for the shrewd and often humorous phrase. With pleasure one recalls a Puritan congregation waiting "in that benignant trance of self-approval which men fall into when they are about to give alms," of the venerable Dr. Ripley who "would pray for rain when rain was needed, then look modest if it came on Monday," or the remark, apropos of Ellen Emerson's election to the School Committee, that "perhaps Concord, in public matters, never thought of Emersons as having sex."

The author rightly avoids a me-

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chanical chronology by surveying the duller periods—generally the post-war doldrums—with a topical retrospective sweep. As for wars themselves, the record of the Concord Artillery Company from Bunker Hill to Guadalcanal is told with dramatic skill. Minor flaws occur. Scudder's indulgent appraisal of John Brown is hardly in accord with modern non-partisan scholarship; one confesses slight annoyance at coming upon the corny old definition of "mugwump," and puzzlement at several paragraphs about Lindbergh's flight to Paris; the printer perpetrates a number of misspellings (according to this reviewer's information) like Barzellai Frost, Isaak Hecker, Gunder Hagg. On the whole Mr. Scudder's closing pages seem rather hasty and scrappy in comparison with the rest, where his control over materials is so firm. Such small blemishes are easily outweighed by the solid substance, keen perception of historical values, and terse, salty writing. This book is a worthy addition to the new literature of regionalism, bringing together for the first time the pieces of Concord's cultural mosaic in its impressive whole.

Concord is still a leafy and delightful place, yet hardly the Athens of its golden day. On my last visit I noticed a quick-lunch bar called "Walden Breezes" across the road from that immortal pond, although (as might have happened here in California) no Thoreauburger appeared on the bill of fare. Concord is still proud of its traditions—even as when Emerson recalled a turbulent town meeting to its senses with three words, "Is *this* Concord?"—but is not bemused by nostalgia for its past. Mr. Scudder recalls how, not many years since, a cement millionaire proposed to transform the township into "a synthetic antique" like Mr. Rockefeller's Williamsburg, but was smartly spanked by public opinion profoundly distrustful of faking and of concentrating undue power in the hands of anybody. Not even for the tourist trade is any Maecenas ever likely to persuade these citizens to don kerchiefs and knee-breeches.

Dixon Wecter is chairman of the Research Group at the Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif.

The Poor Tailor

By N. Burt

BLOCKED on our shelves, bolts of the closest weave.
We hoard our poets; and yet still we lose.
We want custom, cannot suit our times
Nor clothe our huge Occasions with our Muse.

With Scalpel in Hand

A SURGEON'S DOMAIN. By Bertram M. Bernheim, M. D. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. 1947. 253 pp. $3.

Reviewed by T. M. SANDERS

FOR those who relish the drama of a rich and varied scientific experience Dr. Bernheim's book offers adventuresome reading. And it will prove even more rewarding for those who enjoy meeting a distinguished doctor in his shirt-sleeves, free of professional attitudes or pretensions. "A Surgeon's Domain" won the 1947 Norton Medical Award as the best book by a doctor for lay readers. A previous widely-read prize winner

was Dr. Carl Binger's "The Doctor's Job." Both books, by outstanding specialists in their fields, are autobiographies which project the author's own experience into the broader aspects of medical practice. They present an interesting contrast.

Dr. Bernheim started his surgical career at Johns Hopkins, where the spirit and knowledge of Professors Halsted, Welch, and Osler were a powerful inspiration even to the youngest interne and student. Naturally, he was stimulated to carry on the Hopkins traditions and to pass on his knowledge and technical skills to the next generation. His book abounds in anecdotes of his teaching experience. Many of his students were intellectually jolted not only by his novel ideas in surgery but also by their teacher's burning awareness of the need for correcting social inequalities. Dr. Bernheim has an especial understanding for the struggles of the penurious young surgeon whose skill atrophies because his talent is not recognized or used. And it is as a surgeon that Dr. Bernheim writes this book.

Dr. Binger on the other hand is a psychiatrist, trained at Harvard, who served at the Rockefeller Institute and teaches at Cornell Medical School. His is the polished style, the abstract philosophical thinking of the man behind the desk in the consulting room; while Dr. Bernheim speaks in direct and concrete style for the man in white in the operating room or in the accident ward. Both authors are liberal, progressive thinkers. Dr. Binger is keenly aware that social-economic changes must evolve with modern scientific progress. But he preaches deliberation and cautiously-considered action. Dr. Bernheim's approach to social injustice is surgical. He proposes specific programs to combat and extirpate problems—whether in the practice of medicine, the nursing shortage, or the squalid, smelly waiting room of the dispensary. Yet Dr. Bernheim realizes that the surgeon who merely removes diseased tissue is not really attacking the cause of disease; and he longs for the future and hopes for less mutilating and dangerous cures.

Despite the difference in their approach both authors agree on fundamental facts: namely, that the public must get the highest quality of medical care; that this quality of medical care can best be provided by groups associated with good hospitals, which will be the hub of the future medical system; and that some fiscal program must be developed to make the services of first-rate internists and specialists available to those who cannot meet their medical bills today without sinking into the mire of debt. Both agree that the days of the old general practitioner are numbered, in spite of our sentimental, emotional attachment to him. Both agree that in medicine, as in the world generally, technical developments have outstripped social progress and that we are ready for social experimentation. Dr. Bernheim proposes full-time, salaried surgeons as one answer. Dr. Binger advocates voluntary health insurance. Both suggestions are, of course, only partial solutions.

Dr. Bernheim has had a full and adventuresome life. Some of his chapters on his early days in surgery have all the qualities of a first-rate thriller. Both for his story and for his picture of Baltimore medical tradition and atmosphere, "The Surgeon's Domain" is good reading for doctors or laymen. Dr. Bernheim is well qualified to speak as an educator, as a surgeon, a physician, and as a member of the community. He writes with authority, and in a lively, intimate style.

Dr. Theodore M. Sanders, an internist, is attending physician at a city and voluntary hospital in Manhattan.

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Russia, Before and After

1. State of Kievan-Rus

THE STORY OF THE UKRAINE. By Clarence A. Manning. New York: Philosophical Library, Inc. 1947. 306 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by MAURICE HINDUS

PROFESSOR MANNING, teacher of Eastern European languages at Columbia University, has written as complete and full-bodied a history of the Ukraine as there is in the English language. The book bears evidence of indefatigable research and of overwhelming though often partisan sympathy for the Ukraine. The writing is lucid and brisk, which makes the book highly readable. Yet the author's treatment of the subject is certain to invite heated controversy not only among Ukrainians, Communists, and non-Communists, but among Russians, especially the historians who long ago broke with the Soviets and are now holding professorships in leading universities in our own and other countries.

In considerable detail Professor Manning portrays the Ukraine of old which is also the Russia of old, that is the state known as *Kievan-Rus*. The author repudiates the notion that this was a backward state. Quite the contrary, for two centuries the Kiev princes were known and respected throughout Europe. They fostered enlightenment and made use of the progressive ideas that emanated from Byzantium, from which they got their Greek Orthodox religion. They intermarried with the royal families of Constantinople, capital of Byzantium, and "made matrimonial alliances with the Saxon royal family of England, with the Kings of France, with Poland and Hungary." Richer than the rulers of the West, they cultivated the arts, and the famed cathedral of St. Sophia in Kiev is only one of the great monuments they built for posterity. Nor were they absolute sovereigns. They had to reckon with the will of higher officers and counsellors and also of the people.

These happy beginnings of a growing, progressive state, came to a disastrous end. Princes from the North kept intruding on the Kiev domains. The result was invasions and counter-invasions, and civil wars which weakened and improverished the Kiev state. The final blow was struck by the Tatars. They devastated the once thriving Kiev lands, killed its princes, demolished its towns, paralyzed its cultural life. Only after the defeat of the Tatars did the Ukraine come to life again, this time in the form of one of the most spectacular republics in history, the Cossack Republic. For several centuries the Cossacks stormed with war and intrigue, with defeats and triumphs, and while they created a vast body of folklore and folk culture in song and story, in dance and usage, in heroic tradition and military skill, they were singularly lacking in political ideas and in administrative talent. War had become to them a means and an end, and while they hated tyranny and fought it ruthlessly, they never transmuted their love of freedom into an institutional form. Not even Bohdan Khmelnitzky, a contemporary of Oliver Cromwell and the most valiant Cossack leader who, according to Manning, was "the real founder of the Ukrainian national movement," had the will or the genius to unite his people into an independent state. Instead, on January 16, 1654, he effected a union with Moscow and made the Ukraine a part of the Russian empire.

Further attempts at complete independence, especially after World War I, resulted in failure. Now that all the Ukraine is united in a Soviet Republic, which has its own representation in the United Nations, the country, Professor Manning holds, is independent in the use of its language and in nothing else.

Professor Manning is as passionately pro-Ukrainian as he is anti-Russian. He never even alludes to the large number of brilliant Ukrainians who helped fashion the Soviet state, nor to the great Ukrainian generals—Timoshenko, Vatutin, Yeremenko, Vasilevsky, and many others—who played so decisive a role in the war against Nazi Germany. He speaks of the forty million Ukrainians as though they were all of one mind whereas in reality they are a house divided against itself. Yet his book is a valuable contribution to one of the most controversial subjects of our time.

—*From "Art of Russia."*

"Russian Peasant," by S. Sorin.

Maurice Hindus is the author of "The Bright Passage."

2. Two Symposia

UNDERSTANDING THE RUSSIANS: A Study of Soviet Life and Culture. Edited by Bernard J. Stern and Samuel Smith. New York: Barnes & Noble, Inc. 1947. *VI* + 246 *pp.* $2.75.

USSR: A CONCISE HANDBOOK. Edited by Ernest J. Simmons. Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell University Press. 1947. *VIII* + 494 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by D. FEDOTOFF WHITE

WHILE the current swellings and tumults go on it is well not to lose sight of the ends in order more effectively to stress the means. Surely, the ends (in so far as our relations with the USSR are concerned) include the establishment of such conditions as would not merely permit but encourage peaceful and fruitful cooperation between two great nations toward a common goal—the promotion of human well-being the world over. One of the essential prerequisites of such cooperation is the wide diffusion of knowledge of Russia, her socio-political system and her aspirations.

Under present conditions there is no excuse whatsoever for an intelligent American to give to the study of the USSR less attention than in the past Russians gave to that of France or Germany. The two books under review contain a great deal of information on the USSR. "Understanding the Russians," edited by Bernard J. Stern, who teaches sociology at Columbia University, and Samuel Smith, consists, excepting for a few articles especially written for the volume, of reprints of articles and excerpts from books. Of these, two come from the *Information Bulletin* of the Soviet embassy, two from the *New Masses*, three from *Soviet Russia Today*, and six from publications of the International Publishers, three from those of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, one from the *Voks Bulletin*, and one from *Science and Society*. The book opens with an excerpt from Stalin's "Leninism: Select Writings" and also includes V. Molotov's address to the Moscow Soviet of November 6, 1945. Somewhat lost in this array are two excerpts from

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Sumner Welles's book "An Intelligent American's Guide to the Peace," extracts from *Fortune*, and from Richard E. Lauterbach's "These Are the Russians," and a few others. The appendices include *inter alia* the table of Soviet nationalities prepared by Corliss Lamont and the report of the Chairman of the Soviet Planning Commission on the Five-Year Plan, 1946-1950.

The best of the articles is the one written by the famous Soviet physicist P. L. Kapitza. This article is worth reading, reading again, and pondering over. What Kapitza says about the organization of studies of what he calls "great" science is extremely interesting. Kapitza's terse statement on the application of scientific work to technology is well worth quoting: "Many people think that all scientific work must be immediately and directly applied to technology. This approach is naïve and leads to harmful simplifications."

J. B. S. Haldane's "Freedom in Soviet Science" is also valuable. There is more than a faint aroma of special pleading hanging about this article, but it is written with acumen and a real knowledge of the subject. It would be interesting to see what Dobzhansky and Timofeev-Ressovsky would have to say about his comments on the study of genetics in Russia.

Professor Henry E. Sigerist's article on the organization of Soviet medicine is well informed and ably written.

The body of writings culled from Soviet and Communist sources adds up to an intelligent and well-rounded *apologia* of the Soviet way of life. Excepting three or four, items of other provenance do not add much to the book's value.

"USSR: A Concise Handbook," edited by Professor Ernest J. Simmons, is also a symposium. William M. Malisoff's contribution on the history of science in Russia is excellent. It is obviously founded on a wide knowledge of the topic, is well written and fair to both pre- and post-revolutionary development of science in Russia.

Professor Simmons himself contributed three fine essays on language, literature, and drama and the theatre. They are very good indeed.

Nicholas Corotneff's brief article on the armed forces is well informed and readable. It is regrettable that in his reference to the navy he has omitted the Ushakov and Seniavin campaigns in the Mediterranean and the important help rendered to the English in the North Sea by Russian auxiliary squadrons during the wars of the Revolution and Empire.

Sir Bernard Pares's very good article on religion is marred by an error which is very difficult to reconcile with his knowledge of Russian history. Sir Bernard confused black clergy with white. He also called the late Patriarch Vasili B. Tikhon.

Professor Sigerist's article is as good as the one in the volume already reviewed. However, despite his assertion to the contrary, there was a medical school in Asiatic Russia before 1917, that of the Tomsk University in Siberia.

Corliss Lamont's piece on minorities suffers from excess of zeal. Thus he states: "The one marked failure of the Soviet minority policy was in relation to the German minority in USSR." This statement is particularly surprising as in his recent book Mr. Lamont mentioned the developments in the Chechen-Ingush, Crimean, and Kalmuk Autonomous Republics and the Karachai Autonomous Region.

Dr. John Sommerville's article on education does not show either serious knowledge or clear understanding of some of the matters he discusses. In reviewing his volume on Soviet philosophy I became aware that he was not well-read in the field of cultural history of Russia prior to 1917. Nevertheless, I was not prepared for his astonishing version of the development of philosophy in Russia before the revolution.

Miss Rose Maurer's statement about food shops was another surprise. Certainly there were many food stores in Russian cities before the Revolution which were neither "palatially baroque shops" nor "badly lighted, filthy huts."

There are a number of minor errors which should have been noticed by the editor: thus Kerensky is called a Social Democrat; charms and *chastushka* are not equivalent. The anti-French alliance certainly did not break up because England "did not enjoy having Russian naval activities in the Mediterranean." Even a cursory reading of Lord Nelson's correspondence would show how eager he was to get more help from the Russian Navy.

The level of excellence of the articles included in this volume (they were written for the "Encyclopedia Americana") is not uniform. In this respect it is somewhat like what the Europeans used to call *salade macédoine* and some of the fruits are not as succulent as others.

Here's for bigger and better handbooks on the USSR.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

HANDICAPPED CHARACTERS

Mary Malone, of Trenton, N. J., describes ten fictional characters, each possessed of some physical deformity, who felt that the defect might be a handicap in winning love. Who are they? What books are they from? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 28.

1. Afflicted by a hare-lip, beset by family misfortune and the taint of witchcraft, this Shropshire girl found that her affliction did not affect her lover's regard for her.
2. The crippled son of a lawyer who had ruined the father of his childhood sweetheart, this sensitive young man held the girl's love until she was overpowered by a stronger passion.
3. An orphaned waif of the woodlands, with his right hand off, the hero of this sentimental story won the love of a beautiful girl before he discovered he was the long-missing heir of a titled family.
4. Sensitive because of his club foot, he found that the cheap waitress with whom he was infatuated scorned and despised him.
5. Crippled for life on the eve of her marriage, this seventeenth-century English girl sent her lover away, but found years later that he still loved her.
6. An accident cost him his sight and his left hand, but the young governess who loved him before, married him after his affliction.
7. A Southern girl slightly lamed as a result of infantile paralysis, she had no reason to doubt her husband's love until after his death.
8. Though war left him with a shattered leg, it was not until then, and after character defamation, divorce, and a false charge of murder, that his first love came back to him.
9. A cripple who earned his living by begging from a goat wagon, he found that his girl could be happy with him only when the evil influence of her former lover was removed.
10. Lame, abnormally shy and self-conscious in the presence of a "gentleman caller," she suffered acutely from her mother's untiring but unsuccessful efforts to find her a husband.

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Pour la Belle France

THE REPUBLIC OF SILENCE. Edited by A. J. Liebling. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1947. 522 pp. $4.

Reviewed by MERLE MILLER

NOWHERE in the world did the United States Army have such a reception as that accorded it during the last week in August of 1944 when it marched into Paris. Nowhere else was so much wine drunk or so many plain soldiers kissed by so many beautiful girls, and everywhere that week millions of people rejoiced, feeling that, since the city which has always been the center of European culture was free, the war's outcome was no longer in doubt.

Actually, the plan had been to bypass Paris, and then a miraculous event occurred. The French Forces of the Interior were impatient, and its leaders notified the Allied staff that most of the Germans had already been driven out of the city, and that no fighting would be necessary. Very little was. When General LeClerc's division quite appropriately led the first Americans into the city, there were only a few scattered snipers here and there. As Mr. Liebling puts it, the F.F.I. had done more than win a military victory, not only in Paris but all over France; it ". . . saved the self-respect of a nation."

Mr. Liebling's book ends with that never-to-be-forgotten week. It begins just after "Le Grand Charles" de-Gaulle announced over BBC that, while France might have lost a battle, she had not lost the war, and only a few days after, that tired, cynical old Marshal named Pétain informed the French people that he had managed to salvage France's honor by his infamous armistice with Hitler.

"The Republic of Silence" has been written by those men who agreed with DeGaulle and who refused to accept the shameful philosophy of a story which Mr. Liebling calls the most dangerous in the French language, Alphonse Daudet's "La Chevre de Monsieur Seguin." Monsieur Seguin's nanny goat wanted to climb to the top of a mountain to fulfill her destiny; although warned, the goat refused to play it safe and climbed to the mountain top where she was eaten by a wolf.

"In real life," writes Mr. Liebling, "the men of the French Resistance were like the white nanny goat . . ." but they ". . . beat the tar out of the wolf." Mr. Liebling has collected into one volume their own accounts of how they did it, some written by men already well known in French letters, writing under pseudonyms, of course; other sections are simply F.F.I. communiqués and accounts from underground newspapers printed at the risk of the lives of men who'd never put pen to paper before.

The Spirit of France on Liberation Day.

Here, for example, is the letter Jacques Decours, promising young French novelist and teacher, wrote to his parents just before he was executed because he was one of the founders of the clandestine *Les Lettres Françaises;* here is an underground order, written by unidentified civilized men to other civilized men, explaining why, in such a time, they must realize that "only one decision is possible: kill."

"The Republic of Silence" is an exciting book, a hopeful book, a book to be read and reread and to be remembered. Mr. Liebling, acting as what he calls a master-of-ceremonies, has brought together the words and ideas of brave men, and women, too, and children, many children, who refused to wait until it was safe to believe in those things in which Frenchmen have always believed, who would not be patient, who insisted on fighting evil at the risk of their necks. Some of those so-called liberals in this country who just now are clamming up because liberalism is not so popular any more might learn something from "The Republic of Silence."

A Great Charmer

TEMPESTUOUS PETTICOAT. By Clare Leighton. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1947. 272 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by CATHERINE M. BROWN

BARRIE had the final word for it—"charm," that indefinable bloom without which woman is lost. It has many manifestations in spheres of influence, but the strongest lies in a lasting ability to lure the opposite sex. The *femme fatale* would seem to demand leisure, repose, and security. No mundane, domestic details for her, much less any thought for finance.

In "Tempestuous Petticoat" Clare Leighton refutes these theories by presenting her mother as housekeeper, indefatigable worker, breadwinner, and cynosure for at least four pairs of male eyes. What is more, Mrs. Leighton is likable, gallant, and enormously capable. Charming not only her husband, her children, her publishers but even the tradesmen hammering at her door, she yet manages to support two establishments, to dress and educate her entire family. Christmas Day alone, out of the whole year, is set aside for rest. Otherwise, for the winter months at St. John's Wood, the summers at Lowestoft, days are devoted to labor.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Leighton write, using the same vastly chaotic study. Robert is blessed with such deafness that his wife can dictate her melodramatic novels endlessly without impinging on his eminently unsuccessful creations of Canadian backwoods thrillers. No ivory tower for the Leightons, rather a cut-and-dried factory approach to literature. The enormity of World War I, with death and depression, forces a change in routine. But our charmer meets life with courage, and at the last we see her engaging a priest in what we know must be infinitely pleasing conversation.

"The sooner you children learn to accept any eccentricity as though it were a commonplace, the better equipped you will be for life," advises Mrs. Leighton. A perfect approach to Bohemia, but the lady herself is more than that. Superstitious, full of health theories, clinging to the dress of the Edwardians, she remains fundamentally aristocratic. Her thinking is exceedingly conscious of class. Whatever she dislikes she dismisses as common or ill-bred. Aware of immorality and the French novel, she is determined to shield Clare from all knowledge. Fortunately, the daughter overhears much that is tasty as she daily dusts the aspidistra. Surely she has a rich heritage in the art of allure.

"Tempestuous Petticoat" is witty, timelessly gay in the glow of gaslight, and as romantic as the Parma violets Mrs. Leighton loves.

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The Many-Sided Ariel

SHELLEY: A Life Story. By Edmund Blunden. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 368 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

THIS new biography of Shelley is intended for the general reader rather than for the specialist. Mr. Blunden assumes the former to be interested in Shelley's poetry as well as in the tittle-tattle about his relations with women. André Maurois, whose "Ariel" was also addressed to the general reader, hardly mentions the poetry at all. The more recent books about Shelley are devoted to straightening out the record, amassing all the facts about his life, and exposing the errors that have clustered about his reputation. The two-volume lives of Walter Peck and Newman I. White have explored every incident in Shelley's career, and "The Shelley Legend," by Robert Metcalf Smith, has delivered us from the Victorian angel conception originated by Mary Shelley. But there was still room for a book which would tell the story of Shelley's many-sided life in a reasonable compass, without losing sight of the fact that what really matters today is the poetry, and not what Mary Shelley, or the Lord Chancellor, or Trelawny, or Byron thought about the man.

Fortunately Edmund Blunden is a poet himself, and he brings to his task a wide knowledge of the literature of the period together with that "sustained and informed intentness" which, as he says, Shelley exacts from the reader. Anyone who, like your reviewer, has been more than once becalmed in "Prometheus Unbound" will find Mr. Blunden's help invaluable. The luminous haze is not dispelled, but he reveals the significance of the imagery. Mr. Blunden is not one of those critics who tears a poem to pieces and sweeps every image into its appropriate pigeon-hole. Sometimes perhaps he might elaborate more than he does, but there is something to be said for the critic who drops a hint and lets the reader develop it for whatever it may be worth.

No book has ever been written about Shelley without being to some extent provocative, and though Mr. Blunden steers clear of controversy his sympathy with Harriet, "which does not diminish our love of Shelley," is not to be denied. He speaks of her as a woman of "deepest generosities and unforced abilities." Nor does he accept for a moment the stories of her infidelity to Shelley. Most of these originated with Godwin, about whose character there seems to be no disagreement among critics. In 1793 William Godwin was generally regarded as a great philosopher. "Throw away your books on chemistry," says Wordsworth to a young student, "and read Godwin on Political Justice." By 1814 the great philosopher had sunk to excoriating Shelley for following too literally his advice about free love, and in the next breath demanding that the man who "had sacrificed the fair and spotless fame of my young child" should help him out of his financial difficulties—not once but over and over again. Whatever Shelley's faults may have been, the real villain in the piece is Godwin. He was as heartless to his own daughter as he was to Harriet, he mulcted Shelley of the equivalent of seventy-five thousand dollars, and yet to the end of his life Shelley persisted in thinking his father-in-law a great man.

Unworldly he certainly was, but Mr. Blunden's Shelley is more robust and even more humorous than the creators of the legend would have us believe. A man who repeatedly walks thirty-odd miles a day is no weakling. The humorous Shelley is more difficult to accept, but here again the author makes out a strong case. There is a gaiety in the "Letter to Maria Gisborne," and a vigorous burlesque in "Oedipus Tyrannus or Swellfoot the Tyrant," that posterity has been too ready to ignore.

To pass any considerable time in Shelley's company is to be persuaded, as Mr. Blunden says, "that in intellectual or in active life there was little that was not at his command." This straightforward biography may not please those who like food highly seasoned, but nowhere else is Shelley's story presented more concisely, more accurately, or more convincingly.

Arnold Whitridge, former Yale professor in the History, Arts, and Letters Department, teaches at the New School for Social Research in NYC.

Publicity for a Poor Relation

THE BLUE HEN'S CHICKENS. By Vincent McHugh. New York: Random House. 1947. 90 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED KREYMBORG

The poems, verses, and blues in Vincent McHugh's "The Blue Hen's Chickens" have a tart introduction by the author: "A poem that does not speak for itself has nothing to be said for it. A poem is a mode of being, transfixed. There is a complementary relationship between sense and nonsense."

The book reveals the pagan note and wit of the classic Latins, and of John Skelton, greatly admired by McHugh. And this poet has made an art of understatement. His handling of conventional themes is unconventional except for the group of blues composed to music by Louis Armstrong and other masters of syncopation. There is a delicious satire on Henry James viewing the Bowery and being viewed by the vagrants in return, and nonsensical stanzas on the liberal mind —"The calawary keeps his head although he hasn't any." The book closes with a "Suite from Catullus" which makes the average erotica of Anglo-Saxons seem heavy and pornographic by comparison. It is unique in the delicacy of its reference to the phallic symbol and the ventures without whose power mankind would never have been created. The theme is as old, of course, as the Egyptian obelisk and some of the grandest passages in the Old Testament, yet it will probably be misinterpreted or read for the wrong reason.

And now it appears that "The Chickens" is being suppressed by John S. Sumner, the vice crusader who, about a generation ago, honored Theodore Dreiser and myself with similar treatment. My case was handled in court by the late Frank Harris, aided by cablegrams by the never-late Bernard Shaw; and my little "Edna" and "The Genius" were exonerated. I believe that our modern courts, unless they have fallen asleep or degenerated, will uphold the example of that earlier period. "Suite from Catullus" gives every evidence of having been composed by "a healthy mind in a healthy body." I'm glad of one factor at least: Our poor old relation, poetry, will receive some needed publicity!

And any good poet might envy McHugh the following:

Inquiry of fishes at my watch face:
the numerals wavering underwater: the dark
on my scoured eyes lying parallel to the sun
like a man sleeping with a newspaper over his face in the park

The bone sharked from the socket unfelt:
the eyes plucked: the genitals moused away:
the dawn unseen, the dark unseen, the girl's faces
unseen in the tender sea and the delicate cornflower day

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Symbiosis of Mine and Men

VERMILION. By Idwal Jones. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1947. 495 *pp.* $3.

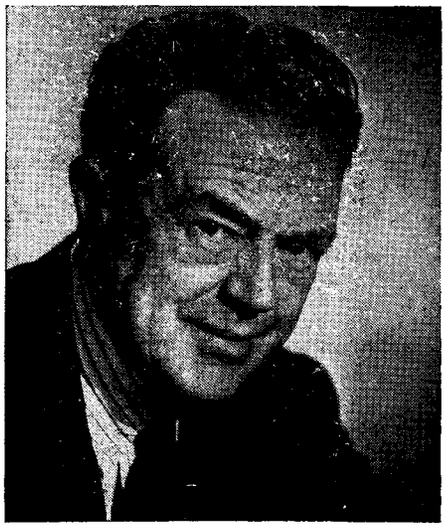
Reviewed by DALE L. MORGAN

THREE-GENERATION chronicles interpretive of the American scene are much with us right now, but in "Vermilion" Idwal Jones has given us something different—an unusual novel of the symbiotic relationship existing between an old California family and a fabulous quicksilver mine located north of Monterey.

The biological term is used advisedly. In Mr. Jones's hands the Alamos mine has an identity of its own, and its life and that of the Cope family are organically interdependent. The mine flourishes while the human stock is sound and vigorous, and that stock flourishes while the mine is productive; but in the days of adversity the mine fails not less from the dry rot in the proprietary family than from *borrasca*, and the exhaustion of the mine in turn is a root cause in the moral corruption of the family.

Pablo Cope, the founding father, son of a Cornish miner and a California ranchero's daughter, submitted himself to the necessary disciplines to make the mine great; for its sake he left California in '46 to master the miner's craft in Cornwall and Spain, a labor to which he gave four years of his life; and equally for its sake he married Ynes, to whom he could give only a part of his heart, rather than Arabella, who possessed all of it. With his feeling for the integrity of the mine, and his own integrity for the mine, Pablo made it one of the world's great producers and an honorable force in the building of the nation.

But his son, Roger, could not share this feeling for the mine; women were the values he lived for. More of a son than Roger was Gervase, son of the Arabella who married a missionary and died in China, but though Pablo could establish Gervase in China with the ancient Tai-Ling firm, the pigment-makers who turned his quicksilver into the vermilion paint so valued in the Chinese interior, Pablo's dream that Gervase might some day buy his way into the mine and oversee its destinies came to wreckage on Gervase's independent spirit and the conspicuous success he achieved in China. Pablo's hopes, then, must rest in Roger's sons, the brilliant Val and the perverse Esmey, and in Gervase's red-haired daughter, nicknamed "Miss Vermilion," predestinate



"Idwal Jones's people emerge in clear perspective, alive on their own terms."

as the wife of one of the sons. In this third generation, in the intertangled lives of Val, Esmey, and Paula, the drama is played out to its symbolical end.

It is the working out of this ultimate drama that brings the book off. Mr. Jones has rewritten California history of the forties pretty much to suit himself, and Pablo in his formative years is not a particularly credible person. It is something of a flaw throughout the book that the most significant action occurs off stage—marriage, birth, and death alike; and in the first half of the novel, the picture never comes steadily into focus. There are moments sharp edged in their clarity, but the picture blurs again; it is not until the last half of the book, when the mine is dying, that complete care and attention are given the interdevelopment of character so that Mr. Jones's people emerge in clear perspective, alive on their own terms.

But if these defects are to be accounted as such, they seem to be defects by deliberate intention. Pablo's mine at all times dominates the book, and Mr. Jones could not have permitted himself the luxury of building up his emotional values, the sharp sense of recurrent human needs and desires and frustrations, without obscuring the monumental fact of the mine. Almost everything that is said and done by the people of this novel contributes in some way to our understanding of the mine as a pervasive presence, and when we lay the book aside, it is the mine that stays with us, an all but living thing.

A long, unhurried, reflective, and richly ornamental novel, "Vermilion" amply displays Idwal Jones's own varied interests and experiences. Mining, ranching, and vitaculture in California, Cornwall, and Spain, and the oblique folkways, business practices, and mores of the Chinese, Cornish, Spanish, and California peoples are ingredients stirred meditatively together, and if the book is not deeply satisfying, it is yet original in conception and salted by a warm and wise feeling for men and women and the paradoxical values they live by, which remains savory in the mind after the book has been laid by.

Still Agnostic

THE GREAT BEYOND. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Philosophical Library. 1947. 226 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

FOR more than ten years Maurice Maeterlinck has been publishing what a French critic once called his "Pascalian series"—*pensées*, diary entries, notes, an occasional poem, or some fable, some short dramatic scene, quotations collected as he comes across them in his reading, or as they come to his mind again after many a year. Even a number of Biblical scenes—such as the horrible episode of Jacob's daughter Dinah and the men of Sichem (which was also retold by Thomas Mann)—are included in the present volume.

The agnostic mysticism of all of Maeterlinck's work pervades every single line of this notebook. Nor have his themes, his preoccupations changed: he still wrangles with man's relation to the infinite and the door through which he reaches the latter. "The faithful say: What is the use of all these questions? Do they live only to keep their eyes closed?" "Our very eyes," Maeterlinck also says, "hide the universe from us."

There is hardly another example in all lay literature of an octogenarian whose thoughts of death, melancholy as they may be at times, show so little bitterness, are so serene, as those of the Belgian master. The wisdom of "L'Oiseau Bleu"—is it really almost forty years since that play enchanted two continents?—is still with him. "The Old Man Who Does Not Want to Die," the twenty-page drama which fills the closing pages of this book, has the quality of a tune dissolving in the wind, nearly inaudible, and yet keeping its melody to the end. It is a beautiful piece. Every human being, so this great little drama reveals, lives with his "shadow," his death, and when man dies he need not be afraid of God: he will not see Him, nor will the Shadow ever—"because we are within Him."

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The Pulitzer Prize Awards for 1946

THE SATURDAY REVIEW this year has departed from its usual practice of polling the nation's literary editors for the Pulitzer Prize nominations several weeks in advance of the announcements of the awards. Instead—and purely as an experiment—*SRL*'s editors have asked the critics to wire us their comments on the selections as made. The table on the opposite page lists the reviewer's own preference under each category where there is disagreement with the Pulitzer Committee's choice.

It will be noted that, true to tradition, the literary awards fall far short of universal acclaim by the newspaper critics, although *SRL*'s editors believe the Pulitzer Committee need make no apologies for the current choices, taken as a whole. Robert Penn Warren's "All the King's Men"; James Phinney Baxter's "Scientists Against Time"; William Allen White's "The Autobiography of William Allen White," and Robert Lowell's "Lord Weary's Castle"—all these books not only need not be defended as a group; considerable affirmation can be mustered in their behalf.

There certainly can be no doubt about the choice for fiction. Robert Penn Warren has already had more than his share of honors, including the Guggenheim award, a literary fellowship, and three prizes for his poetry. He has not had to wait for recognition, though so far the profits on the financial side of the ledger have been slim enough. "All the King's Men" was instantly acclaimed by its critics as the best novel of the South written for many years. Diana Trilling wrote that she doubted if it could be matched in American fiction; Harry Hansen stated that it should be welcomed with the enthusiasm shown for the arrival of William Faulkner and Thomas Wolfe; Orville Prescott judged it a book "drenched with fierce emotion, narrative pace, and poetic imagery." Our own critic, James B. Wood, wrote, "This modern political novel with some of the intensity of the South in its very texture, has color, body, and force. Characters, thought, and action fuse to form an esthetic and narrative whole which has the power to excite the imagination, the emotions, and the mind."

In a sense, the critical appraisals of "All the King's Men," and, finally, the award of the most significant literary prize America has to offer, answer some of the charges recently leveled against American writing and publishing. In producing this book, there was no undue ballyhoo; its arrival on the scene was not heralded by publicity agents paid by the author; no book club has added to its normal sales a half million or so of its subscribers; no motion picture house up to this moment has offered a fortune for it, though Mr. Warren will not have to wait long for this consummation of his labors. But without these customary aids he has become since August of last year, when the novel was published, one of our most significant writers and certainly the strongest contemporary novelist of the South.

As America recedes further and further from its frontier tradition it breeds fewer and fewer of the men who once were regarded the world over as peculiarly representative of it—the homespun, kindly, shrewd men whose strength resided in their neighborliness, in their warm participation in all the affairs of their region, in their passionate interest in their country, and in an understanding of the common man which sprang from their identification with his hopes and ambitions. Bill White, as William Allen White was affectionately known to his admirers, was such a man, a Middle Westerner to whom Kansas and Emporia remained always the center of his affections while the counsel he dispensed from them became part of the texture of thought of his nation. There never was a kindlier man than Bill White, nor one more full of native wit and ingrained wisdom, nor a man of greater simplicity or candor who measured other men more singly by their merits. Yet he became the trusted adviser of the powerful in politics and business, the friend of Presidents, the eagerly welcomed guest of the prominent of foreign nations. He made the *Emporia Gazette* a newspaper not only respected throughout the world of journalism but indispensable to editors who would know the sentiment of his part of the country, which meant, indeed, who would know how democratic America felt and thought. The autobiography on which the Pulitzer Committee has bestowed the accolade of its award in biography displays the man, and the youth who was father of the man, in the fulness of his own recollections, with his own sometimes puzzled amazement at the evolution of his own beliefs and allegiances, with illuminating analysis of national developments of which he was so astute an observer and so often either directly, or indirectly through the influence of his paper, a part, with the honesty and straightforwardness which were the core of the man. It is one of our significant contemporary documents, as interesting in its early sections in which the training and ways of a middle-class American in the heart of our American country are set forth as it is important in the later chapters which present an insider's picture of the politics and personalities of the nation. Bill White's many activities are all mirrored in it, his concern for literature which took shape in his writing of fiction, biography, and criticism, and in his work as a judge of the Book-of-the-Month Club, his family, his friends, his travels, his efforts for local good government and to bring America into World War II, his relations with journalists and journalism, his preoccupation with national affairs. It is good, juicy Americana.

THE Pulitzer Prizes in history have embraced some of the most noteworthy contributions to this field; for example, James Truslow Adams, Vernon Parrington, Van Wyck Brooks, and Carl Sandburg. If in Mr. Sandburg's case, history and biography were confused in a manner that would have amused Thomas Carlyle, in their 1946 choice in history, James Phinney Baxter's "Scientists Against Time" combines science, biography, and history all in one volume which the Pulitzer judges have decided to label as history. Actually it is the official story of the secret weapons designed for the latest world war, and how the scientists of America were organized and worked with other United Nations to bring into being the deadly mechanical nightmares that became the murderous realities of the atomic bomb, poison gases, new explosives, proximity fuses, rockets, radar, volcanic liquids, and flame throwers. In less apocry-

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Reviewing the Pulitzer Literary Awards

A Poll of Newspaper Book Editors

(Titles indicate reviewers' preferences)

Name and Medium	*Fiction*	*Biography*	*History*	*Poetry*
FREDERIC BABCOCK *Chicago Tribune Magazine of Books*	Approved	Approved	My Three Years with Eisenhower Captain Harry Butcher	No opinion
ALICE DIXON BOND *Boston Herald*	East River Sholem Asch	The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds Ferris Greenslet	Approved	Approved
FANNY BUTCHER *Chicago Tribune*	Approved	The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds Ferris Greenslet	My Three Years with Eisenhower Captain Harry Butcher	Approved
FRANK DANIEL *Atlanta Journal*	Approved	Approved	Approved	Approved
JAMES GRAY *Chicago Daily News*	Approved	Approved	Approved	Approved
ARTHUR GOULD *Toledo Times*	Disapproved, none other deserving	Approved	No opinion	No opinion
HARRY HANSEN *New York World-Telegram*	Approved	Approved	No opinion	Approved
VICTOR HASS *Omaha World-Herald*	The American Howard Fast	Lost Landscape Winifred Welles	Experiment in Rebellion Clifford Dowdey	Approved
CHARLES LEE *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*	East River Sholem Asch	The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds Ferris Greenslet	Approved	Brady's Bend, and Other Ballads Martha Keller
GEORGE MAYBERRY *The New Republic*	Approved	No opinion	Mr. Lincoln's Camera Man, Matthew B. Brady Roy Meredith	Approved
MARIAN MURRAY *Hartford Times*	Approved	The Roosevelt I Knew Frances Perkins	Approved	No opinion
STERLING NORTH *New York Post*	The Fields Conrad Richter	Approved	No opinion	Big Road Norman Rosten
ROGER PIPPETT *PM*	The Bitter Season Robert M. Coates	The Roosevelt I Knew Frances Perkins	Hiroshima John Hersey	Approved
ORVILLE PRESCOTT *The New York Times*	Approved	Approved	No opinion	No opinion
MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS *Miami Herald*	East River Sholem Asch	Approved	Approved	Approved
LON TINKLE *Dallas Morning News*	Approved	Approved	Approved	Approved
BEN WICKHAM, Jr. *Cleveland News*	B. F.'s Daughter John Marquand	Brandeis , Thomas Alpheus Mason	Approved	Approved

phal moments they invented new medicines and life-saving devices for men in peril of the sea and the air. The book is perhaps history in a truer sense than the work of most standard historians, for while it celebrates the fabulous efforts of our war scientists it also attacks the stubborn military mind and gives the secret history of a battle within a battle. If the generals had won that battle and the scientists had lost, we might now be living in a world under Nazi domination. It is certainly a most astonishing book to have been written by the president of Williams, or of any other American college.

It is part of the literary convention of our time that the poems found in Robert Lowell's "Lord Weary's Castle" should have emerged from the "little" magazines. Until the book publisher gives them shelter, where else can the best poetry of our day find house room, or a rostrum from which to shout the poet's message? When Mr. Lowell chose the symbolic title for his volume, he used a line of an old Scotch verse:

> It's Lambkin was a mason good
> As ever built wi' stane:
> He built Lord Wearie's castle
> But payment gat he nane . . .

without realizing that the last line would not apply to his own fate. There were other fine poets in the year 1946 crying for shelter under the covers of a book, and other volumes worthy of this prize. But that the contents of this book is splendid poetry there is no question. *The Saturday Review* stated in the review by Jeremy Ingalls that Mr. Lowell's peculiar gift is "his energy of rhythm, his just use of relevant image, and his ability to transmute image and event into allegory." Other critics have said that "it is of high technical excellence," that Lowell is a religious poet who writes like a revolutionary, and that you would have to go back twenty years to find a new poet with his authority and inventive gifts.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Epitome of Unseductive Woman

SIR: We enjoyed John Mason Brown's bus trip [*SRL*, Apr. 19] but we are sorry that he did not have Steinbeck's adventure. He evidently has a different angle of approach.

We have a different gripe however; it is difficult indeed to recruit librarians. In fact the staffs are only half filled due to economic causes. Along comes Mr. Brown with "librarians, I suspect, whose hours are devoted to the non-fiction shelves." All our efforts to recruit young librarians with propaganda about the social facets of the profession are destroyed. He has coined an expression which lines up with Dorothy Parker's "glasses girl."

To counterattack this epitome of the unseductive woman, we expect that the librarians will totter around on platform shoes making harrowing noises. No self-respecting librarian will even shelve or revise non-fiction and will of necessity deny the existence of Mr. Brown's books which are classified as non-fiction. Thus he will bring about his own well deserved destruction.

ANNA H. ROTHBART.

Jamaica, N. Y.

Gertrude Atherton's Record

SIR: It is not my habit to reply to adverse criticism, to which I have become inured these many years, for I recognize everyone's right to his own opinion, and when it is sincere and fair I am grateful for a hint by which I may improve myself—one is never too old to learn. But when it comes to a review of one's book in so distinguished a journal as *The Saturday Review*, that is another matter, for it involves the editor as well as the author of the book. Hence the author of "My San Francisco, A Wayward Biography," asks the editor of *The Saturday Review* to be kind enough to read this letter.

The young person who reviewed my latest book in your issue of February 15 is well meaning and good-natured, but shows a vast ignorance where I am concerned. She begins with this sentence: "After a long and spectacular career in light fiction stretching beyond the memory of most of us it must have been restful to taper off, etc."

Bien! Here is my record; you probably know it yourself, but a gentle reminder will do no harm. In 1902 I wrote "The Conqueror," which has sold steadily for forty-five years and must have reached a million copies by this time. For it I read two hundred historical works and visited the West India Islands, where Hamilton was born. For it I also invented a new form. My historical novels—which involved the same extensive research—are "The Immortal Marriage" (Pericles and Aspasia), "The Jealous Gods" (Alcibiades), "Dido" (Carthage), "Golden Peacock" (ancient Rome). Straight histories are "California; An Intimate History," and "Golden Gate Country," for the American Folkways Series. (I forgot to mention "Rezánov" among the historical novels; the one love story of Spanish California that has come down to us. It also has had a long and steady sale.)

I have also written a volume of short stories of Old (Spanish) California, "The Splendid Idle Forties," and "The Foghorn" the title of a story which has appeared in a number of anthologies. Then, aside from the many novels whose scenes are laid in Caliornia, I have written fourteen others whose scenes are laid in Munich, England, Montana, other parts of Germany, Austria, Hungary, the Adirondacks, New Jersey, New York, Spain, Nevis, B.W.I.

As for your "critic's" review of my latest, it is evident that she gave it a very casual reading, for she omits all mention of its most important chapters — which have been dwelt upon at length by such authorities as critics of *The New York Times* and *New York Herald Tribune*, *The Chicago Tribune*, and the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

San Francisco, Calif.

"Looks as though we're in for a little rain."

Any Crane or Hudson Data?

SIR: I am at present engaged in writing a thesis for a "Doctorat in Letters" for the University of Paris (Sorbonne) on "Stephen Crane and the Beginning of Realism in the American Novel." Would any person possessing documents hitherto unpublished on the subject, such as letters, manuscripts, memorabilia of S. Crane, kindly communicate with me as soon as possible?

I make the same appeal for material on W. H. Hudson, the Anglo-American naturalist and fiction writer, author of "Green Mansions," etc., on whom I am also doing research work for the same purpose.

GEORGE S. REMORDS.

500 Riverside Drive,
New York, N. Y.

"Necronomicon"

SIR: I have read with considerable interest Mr. L. Sprague De Camp's article "The Unwritten Classics" [*SRL* Mar. 29]. I was particularly enthralled with the last portion of the article in which a great deal of matter is devoted to Howard Phillips Lovecraft and his "Necronomicon."

It may interest Mr. De Camp and readers of this article that we offered a copy of the first edition of this non-existing "Necronomicon" in our catalogue #78.

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New York, N. Y.

More Walden

SIR: I wish to call the attention of all those interested in Thoreau to the publication of Roland Wells Robbins's "Discovery at Walden," in which he gives in detail the account of his archeological investigations which finally determined the site and found some of the remains of Thoreau's cabin at Walden Pond. The book is published by the author, is illustrated, and sells for $2.50, and can be procured from him at Concord, Mass.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

New York, N. Y.

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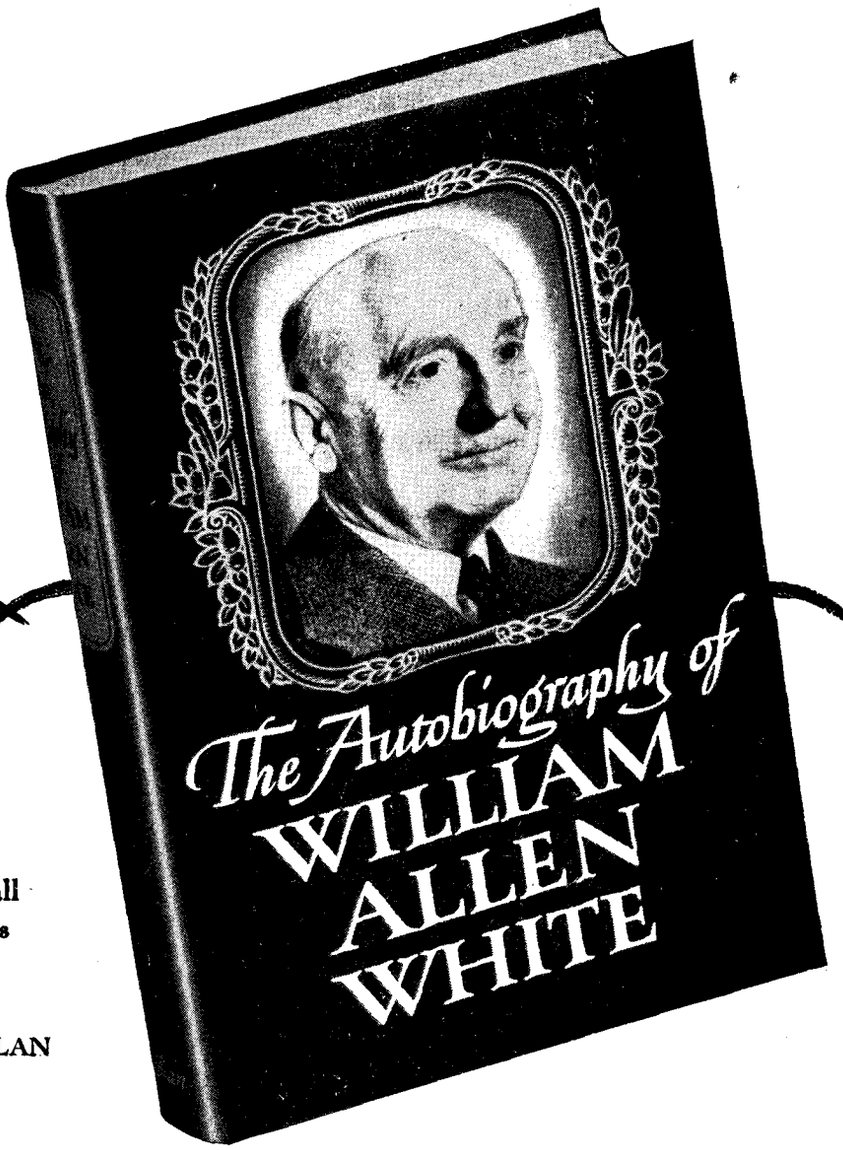

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THE PULITZER PRIZE for this year

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Seeing Things

ALL MIMSY WERE THE BOROGOVES

ON THE 4th of July, wrote Mrs. Trollope in a paragraph which I must admit I cherish, the hearts of the American people "seem to awaken from a three hundred and sixty-four days' sleep; they appear high-spirited, gay, animated, social, generous, or at least, liberal in expense; and would they but refrain from spitting on that hallowed day, I should say, that on the 4th of July, at least, they appeared to be an amiable people."

The authoress of "Domestic Manners of the Americans" (1832) was not content to stop there. Bless her! She could not resist adding (and this, for my money, is the heart of the watermelon), "it was indeed a glorious sight to behold a jubilee so heartfelt as this; and had they not the bad taste and bad feeling to utter an annual oration, with unvarying abuse of the mother country, to say nothing of the warlike manifesto called the Declaration of Independence, our gracious king himself might look upon the scene and say that it was good; nay, even rejoice, that twelve millions of bustling bodies, at four thousand miles' distance from his throne and his altars, should make their own laws, and drink their own tea, after the fashion that pleased them best."

Although I have no bunting reasons for making this unseasonal mention of our national holiday, this I do insist upon. However much the spirit of our Independence Day may have eluded Mrs. Trollope, we Americans—indeed, the young and old throughout the wide world—have every reason to celebrate what happened in England, of all places, on another Fourth of July. Near Oxford and in 1862, to be precise; one short year before this same Mrs. Trollope had a chance to observe firsthand such domestic manners as may be necessary in Heaven.

On this particular Fourth—a glorious one for us all, and quite safe if not quite sane—a party of five set out from Oxford in a rowboat. The party included two men and three little girls. Theirs was to be quite an expedition. They did not plan to get home until about eight-thirty. There were pillows in the bottom of the boat. And lunch baskets for the repast which was to be eaten in a haymow near Godstow.

The little girls were sisters, the daughters of Dean Liddell. They were protected from the summer sun by wide shade hats. As the afternoon passed, on the river and ashore, all of them, including the young don in the bow, listened to the man in the stern as, slow in his speech and given to an odd stutter, he beguiled them with a curious tale and no less curious songs.

No doubt, it was the ten-year-old girl who hung upon this yarn-spinner's words with the greatest fascination. His heroine, you see, was named Alice after her. In honor of this outing, the teller of the story, who was only thirty, had put away his books on mathematics, removed his new clericals, and slipped into white flannels.

The young don at the bow was impressed by the narrative he heard. He wanted to know if its author were making it up as he went along. The truthful answer was "Yes."

In the evening, when they were once again at the deanery door, the ten-year-old Alice turned to her host whose stories had charmed her. She did not know him then, as we do now, by the pen name of Lewis Carroll. Accordingly, she said, "Oh, Mr. Dodgson, I wish you would write out Alice's adventures for me."

To that little girl's request we owe a lot; in fact, "Alice in Wonderland." As Florence Becker Lennon suggests in her life of Lewis Carroll, known as "Victoria Through the Looking-Glass," had Alice Liddell failed to be persuasive, Charles Lutwidge Dodgson might never have bothered to commit his improvised story to paper. But the real Alice, who at present has become as legendary as the imaginary Alice is real, triumphed. Mrs. Lennon tells us Dodgson sat up almost through the stretches of that night writing down in a little green book, which he illustrated as he went along, all he could recall of what he had said in the rowboat.

The completion of "Alice"—first known as "Alice's Adventures Underground"—required more than a night's feverish work. It was not until Christmas that the manuscript was delivered at the deanery. The Liddell girls were delighted with it. So was the Dean. So were their friends, youthful and adult.

"There ought to be sixty thousand volumes of it," was the shrewd editorial verdict pronounced by one six-year-old reader, Greville Macdonald, who chanced upon "Alice" in its original state when the manuscript copy was kept on the Liddell's living room table for the children's guests to enjoy.

—*Vandamm.*

In her production of "Alice" Eva LeGallienne plays the White Queen "with fond unction."

PROBABLY no adding machine could compute how many hundreds of thousands of copies of "Alice" have been printed since it was first published in 1865. Or, for that matter, how many copies of "Through the Looking-Glass" which followed it six years later. Equally hard to guess at would be the number of times Alice has been set behind the footlights in tableaux, plays, and operettas dealing with either or both of her excursions into lands dizzily removed from facts. It does seem safe, however, to assume that no production made anywhere of the Reverend Mr. Dodgson's classics has excelled the American Repertory Theatre's "Alice in Wonderland."*

Although I am confident Mr. Dodgson would have approved of Eva LeGallienne's production esthetically, how he would have responded to it morally is another question. The creator of "Alice" needed two sets of names. His was a dual nature, if ever there was one. He could write like an angel, but he could not get over being a divine. His C. L. Dodgson side was as dully didactic as his Lewis Carroll side was brilliantly nonsensical. The man capable of creating Alice was

* *ALICE IN WONDERLAND, by Lewis Carroll (combined with "Through the Looking-Glass"). Adapted for the stage by Eva LeGallienne and Florida Friebus. Based on the Tenniel drawings. Music by Richard Addinsell. Scenery by Robert Rowe Paddock. Costumes by Noel Taylor. Masks and marionettes by Remo Bufano. Directed by Miss LeGallienne. Presented by Rita Hassan and the American Repertory Theatre. With a cast including Bambi Linn, Eva LeGallienne, Margaret Webster, Richard Waring, Philip Bourneuf, Raymond Greenleaf, Jack Manning, Eugene Stuckmann, etc. At the International Theatre.*

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HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
STATE OF THE UNION
1946 Pulitzer Prize Play
Produced by LELAND HAYWARD
★ New York—Hudson Theatre
★ National Company—Boston, Mass.

also capable of insisting that no illustrations for a book of his should be drawn on a Sunday. He was an odd mixture of Jeremy Collier and W. S. Gilbert. In fact, he was that most sorrowful variety of schizophrenic—a stagestruck prude.

He loved going to the theatre and was attracted by its bohemianism. The only plays he saw, however, were those which did not embarrass his cloth. It is doubtful if so gifted a writer has ever been so great a goody-goody. John S. Sumner is not more alert than he was to what he found shocking. He was scandalized by the "Damme's" in "Pinafore." One of his unrealized dreams was to bring out an edition of Shakespeare virtuous enough to leave the virtue of maidens undisturbed. As he put it, his ambition was to produce a book which "any English mother may, without any scruple, put into the hands of her daughters."

When someone wrote him in 1895, hoping he would give his blessing to a theatrical performance of "Alice," his answer was a letter which could serve as a model epistle for a man who wants his cake and wants to eat it but does not want to be caught doing so. "As to your wish that I should give my approval of a dramatized 'Alice' for the benefit of the S. Thomas Schools," wrote he, "well, you certainly put me into rather a 'fix' there, as the Americans would say. . . . Long ago I made up my mind that I do not approve of that method of getting money for charitable objects, and I have again and again declined to let it be said that 'it is done with the sanction of Mr. L. C.' . . . I don't in the least want to prevent your doing as you think right . . . *all* I ask is, that it shall not be announced as done with my approval."

Horrified as Mr. Dodgson, the pious mathematician, would no doubt have been at seeing his "Alice" acted, as I saw it, at a Sunday matinee crowded to the gunwales with apparently uncorrupted children, my conviction is that Lewis Carroll would have been delighted. The script which Miss LeGallienne and Florida Friebus have assembled with a patent flourish of paste and scissors is not, and does not pretend to be, an inspired job of playwriting. Its fidelity to Lewis Carroll is, as it was meant to be, its chief inspiration (which, heaven knows, is no ordinary inspiration); its chief point; its chief pleasure, too. Dramatically, it does not build or try to build. It merely continues, going forward almost in the Red Queen's fashion. But, unmade as it may be as a play, it is well-packed as a trunk.

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acceptable drama is managing to squeeze in enough of the original before closing the lid. This feat (and no mean feat it is, when "Alice" and "Through the Looking-Glass" are acted jointly) Miss LeGallienne and Miss Friebus have accomplished with commendable thoroughness.

To be sure, the theatre being the recalcitrant medium it is, they are compelled to lead Alice into Wonderland by having her pass only through the Looking-Glass. They have no other choice than to omit her precipitous tumble down the Rabbit-Hole. But once Bambi Linn, who is a charming, graceful, and most believable Alice, steps into the world of opposites, almost everything happens precisely as Lewis Carroll and John Tenniel ordained that it must. And most of the old friends from our childhood, from the White Rabbit, the Dodo, the Caterpillar, the Frog Footman, the Ugly Duchess, the Mock Turtle, and the Mad Hatter, to the White Knight, Humpty Dumpty, and the Queens, Red and White, appear. They look exactly as Tenniel taught us to know they would, and speak that glorious Jabberwockery which is the Basic English Lewis Carroll prescribed for Wonderland.

It is ironical that Tenniel and Carroll should be as inseparable as Tweedledum and Tweedledee in the world's affectionate remembrance. From Mrs. Lennon's pages I gather they were not too friendly in life. Carroll would like to have had his own drawings used. Used they would have been, had not technical problems made this impossible. Hence Tenniel's entry into Wonderland and what we think of as a perfect partnership. Completely as the contribution of each man suited the other, the two of them, like Gilbert and Sullivan, knew their moments of tension. If Harry Furniss, a one-time contributor to *Punch*, is to be trusted, Humpty Dumpty was the only one of Tenniel's drawings that Carroll liked, and in Tenniel's opinion Dodgson was "impossible . . . a conceited old don," hard to "put up with for more than a week."

Whatever the human disagreements of Tenniel and Carroll may have been, their work as artists resulted in the happiest harmony. In Miss LeGallienne's "Alice" this work is transferred behind the footlights with amazing faithfulness. The scenery of Robert Rowe Paddock, the costumes of Noel Taylor, and the masks of Remo Bufano are the books come to life. The production is really an inspired reading aloud, when every moment is an illustration in action; an illustration granted human voices, human dimensions, and the freedom of physical movement.

The fun of "Alice" in the theatre is bound to be largely derived from recognition. It has nothing to do with the pleasures of discovery. Its source of delight is familiarity, not originality. Let one detail be different, a syllable changed in a song or scene, a character fail to look as he does in the books—and the youngest reader would be outraged as a playgoer.

There was a colored boy in the Navy Department in Washington who, during the war, was in charge of a mimeographing machine. Whenever his telephone rang, he would answer it by saying, "Duplicatin' Jimmy." Miss LeGallienne has also faced the task of duplication.

It is in *being* "Alice," in other words

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in realizing physically what Carroll wrote and Tenniel drew, that her production succeeds beyond expectations. It is ingenious, amazingly exact, a triumph in costuming and staging. Although hard to hear at moments, it is played with fond unction, most particularly by Margaret Webster as the Red Queen, Miss LeGallienne as the White Queen, Raymond Greenleaf as the Ugly Duchess, and Philip Bourneuf as the White Knight.

If this greasepaint "Alice" never becomes theatre, it can claim another quite different and not unwelcome virtue. It always remains "Alice." I must admit I could have done with either the first part or the second. The two together I found to be much too much of a muchness for comfort. But the young people, who filled the theatre and remained strangely grave at some of the most delectable moments of nonsense, could not have enough of either. Their only disappointment was when the final curtain fell.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

No Lack of Poetry and Style

THE POET IN THE THEATRE. By Ronald Peacock. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co. 1946. *Index* + 163 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

IT is a pity that Mr. Peacock gave this book of miscellaneous essays connected only by the fact that all concern dramatists, so comprehensive a title. Of course one must not complain because an author has written a book merely different from one's expectations; but there is unfortunately evidence in the very first essay on T. S. Eliot that Mr. Peacock could not write a book which would be appropriately covered by his chosen title. In the initial essay he states that Mr. Eliot's

> first great merit in respect of English drama is simply to have challenged a whole period by criticism and practice. The crux of the problem was the lack of poetry and style, and the degree of failure, the continued adherence to false ideals, made it necessary to search for the foundations of the art.

Apart from his vile style, Mr. Peacock's judgment made me rub my eyes in amazement. I looked hastily through the contents of his book, and noticed the names of the dramatists considered. I found, oddly enough, Shaw and Henry James—but here, too, were Ibsen, Chekhov, Grillparzer, Hebbel, Hoffmannsthal and—yes, there was Yeats.

Now I have a great admiration for T. S. Eliot's plays, especially "Family Reunion" and, for its drive and ease, "The Rock" which Mr. Peacock does not mention; but to give Eliot the credit for bringing back poetry to the theatre, if that is what Mr. Peacock means, to say that there was a "lack of poetry and style" before Eliot, is what old Yorke Powell called "clotted bosh." There was the early Maeterlinck. There was, unfashionable as he now is, Rostand; and in English-speaking drama there were John Davidson, Stephen Phillips, Arthur Symons, Laurence Binyon, Michael Field, Gordon Bottomley, John Masefield, Sturge Moore, and, way back in the Aubrey Beardsley age, when Mr. Eliot was scarcely in long pants, there was the man who made a poetic theatre out of nothing, the author of "Countess Kathleen," and "The King's Threshold," the author of "The Player Queen" and "Resurrection," William Butler Yeats. Now it is possible to disagree about the dramatic quality of the pre-Eliot poetic theatre, about the importance of some of the dramatists, and about stage-appeal of some of the plays; but it is ludicrous to suggest that the British poetic drama lacked poetry or style before Mr. Eliot published "The Sacred Wood" or before "Murder in the Cathedral" was produced. It is simply a gross misreading of history to speak of Eliot as "taking verse to the drama again and drama to verse." It is also very misleading to the student who, if he be young enough and ignorant enough, will be left with the impression that there was a long, long period during which verse was banished from the English stage. Actually the time was comparatively short. The poetic drama, and verse drama never completely disappeared from the theatre, even at the heyday of the realistic prose drama based, mostly in grave and treasonable error, on Henrik Ibsen. After all, Henry Irving died after a performance of Tennyson's "Becket" at Bradford; Forbes Robertson opened a new theatre in London with John Davidson's "For the Crown," and Martin Harvey played Oedipus in Gilbert Murray's version of the Sophoclean drama thirty-odd years ago in a Rheinhardt production at Drury Lane.

It is now only fair to say that, in its estimate of Mr. Eliot's dramatic work —though it is unlucky he omits any reference to "The Rock"—Mr. Peacock's essay is good. I don't quite know what he means when he asserts that while "the drama in Europe originated in Christian festivals, it is rarely observed that at the highest

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Duluth Divorce Rumors Linked With Mexican Murder

Beautiful Iris Duluth is rumored to be seeking a Mexican divorce from her ex-Navy husband, Peter Duluth, with whom she was instrumental in solving five sensational murder cases.* Friends who regarded the Peter Duluths as an outstandingly happy couple among the young married sleuth set are staggered. Mrs. Duluth, it has been discovered, plans to wed dashing young British novelist, Martin Haven. This may throw new light on the "accidental" death of the novelist's heiress wife whose shattered body was found yesterday below the balcony of her home.

There is considerable curiosity here as to whether Peter Duluth will investigate this murder in which his estranged wife is involved. It is thought in some quarters that Mr. Duluth is otherwise occupied: he has been seen at local cafes with a striking English beauty of doubtful reputation.

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levels it has been largely non-religious in its themes ever since." If this observation is rarely made, surely the reason is that it is not a true observation. From Shakespeare and Calderon to Ibsen and Strindberg and Yeats the drama has consistently dealt with religious themes, unless one excludes from religion all ethical and psychological problems. Mr. Peacock is on better ground when he emphasizes "the ritual element" in Eliot—that is something new, though there are hints in Ibsen's "Emperor and Galilean" and touches in Paul Claudel's "The Satin Slipper," and it appears, in a negative so to speak, in some of the work of Jean Cocteau.

The strongest part of Mr. Peacock's book are the essays on the German dramatists, especially that on Hofmannstahl; the weakest those on Shaw and Henry James, while that on Ibsen should never have been allowed to creep into the book. It makes the fatal mistake—it was made earlier and, for his purpose perhaps necessarily, by Yeats—of divorcing the Ibsen of the social dramas from the great poetic dramatist who for a time spancelled his Muse for what he held to be at the time more important.

Mr. Peacock is admirable in his treatment of Synge. He sees him rightly as a belated romantic, writing in a profound reverie over death and love, writing in a style "very closely related to folk art." He must remain, unless Eire returns to his Anglo-Irish culture and the speech he made famous wins a wider currency, a solitary figure because his style "is quite useless for the English drama, its basis being a speech of extremely local and ambiguously English character. He is therefore without influence on English dramatists." I wish Mr. Peacock had considered some of the later Irish dramatists, especially Sean O'Casey and Dennis Johnston, the latter one of the few English-writing dramatists who shows signs of the influence of the later Strindberg, a figure also strangely omitted.

In The Tin Hut Era

HOME IS IF YOU FIND IT. By Bud Nye. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 256 pp. $2.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE first two years after the Second World War will no doubt go down in the history of our country as a period when one of the more spacious nations of the world, with unlimited raw materials and the greatest facilities for production ever known, took shelter in tents, tin huts, old barracks, trailers, and in the painfully hospitable homes of relatives. Nothing comparable with this happened after the First World War; in the recent war greater numbers of men were involved; there was more focus on purely military production, and more young men of marriageable age went in and stayed longer, so that many more new families were created.

Bud Nye's hero returned from the war to set up housekeeping, without the slightest possibility of getting any accommodations except those reluctantly afforded by his father-in-law's large family. Through a great stroke of fortune, or what he considered fortune, he was able to buy, for $5,000, a tattered shack with something less than a minimum of conveniences.

The struggles of the inexperienced with everything from places like these up to splendid old broken-down New England mansions has been a universal theme for a long time, but Mr. Nye has ornamented the theme with some décor which verges on Thorne Smith and Mary Lasswell. A digest of the plot, involving the hero's experiences as a window decorator and the advent of his father, a champion weight-lifter, to help out in the establishment of the place—he recruits his Turnverein and a bulldozer to dig cesspools and grade the lawn, for exercise—would be as misleading as a brief treatment of the whale episode in "Rain in the Doorway" or the domestic arrangements of Mrs. Rasmussen.

A sufficient climax is provided when Father jumps off a cliff at the end of a rope and pendulates into the expensive party of a lady lumberjack—lumberjill, perhaps—who seizes upon him and places her hamlike but comparatively dainty hand in his, along with millions of board feet of timber. The story is told with much good-nature and wit, even if the basic situation does deserve a tear.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Prue Sarn, in "Precious Bane," by Mary Webb. 2. Philip Wakem, in "The Mill on the Floss," by George Eliot. 3. Freckles, later Lord O'More, in "Freckles," by Gene Stratton Porter. 4. Philip Carey, in "Of Human Bondage," by Somerset Maugham. 5. Honor Harris, in "The King's General," by Daphne DuMaurier. 6. Edward Rochester, in "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë. 7. Judith Redcliff, in "Three O'Clock Dinner," by Josephine Pinckney. 8. Mark Sabre, in "If Winter Comes," by A. S. M. Hutchinson. 9. "Porgy," by Du Bose Heyward. 10. Laura, in "The Glass Menagerie," by Tennessee Williams.

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EUROPE'S INTELLECTUAL STARVATION DIET

(*Continued from page 8*)

the libraries (fewer than a score). Most of them do not have more than 500 to 1,500 books. To fight the literary dearth the Army is reported to have placed orders for $125,000 worth of books for its occupation zones both in Germany and in Austria. It is also said to have acquired rights to translate some 110 American titles into German. People there are losing faith that these books will ever reach them.

In a recent *New York Times* dispatch from Frankfort-on-the-Main the condition of the American zone in the Reich was succinctly stated:

> All groups complain of the lack of intellectual food from abroad that might bring a breath of fresh air into German thinking. The large number of educated Germans who can read English and French find it almost impossible to get foreign language books and newspapers . . . The book shops are bare.

The intellectual crisis sweeping this part of Europe is heartrending evidence of our failure to fulfil our pledge. It is not merely a sequel to the war crisis, but a full-blown, post-war crisis—the crisis of intellectual vacuum and despair. While linked to the political and economic crisis, it goes far beyond it.

One must visit that "heartland" of Europe to realize the extent to which Hitler's "magic" cure had been trusted. Everything had been tried and found wanting. The Nazis' New European Order was their version of a United States of Europe under the guidance of the strongest Continental power. National Socialism seemed to offer a synthesis of *laissez-faire* and government planning in the economic field. It was easy to rationalize wishful thinking into a constructive policy. Where wishful thinking was absent, anxiety for security filled the gap. It was not safe to be a skeptic. A skeptic jeopardized his living and, frequently, his life. Self-interest, too, could be rationalized into concern for the public welfare. Before the war Julien Benda called this "La Trahison des Clerca." Naturally, the New Order's fatal flaw was soon revealed; critical intellectuals were the first to detect it. But what could they do? They had committed themselves to the New Order and to advertise their defection from it would have been tantamount to announcing their own death sentence.

When the war was over, most of Central-Eastern Europe was assigned to the Soviets, who set to work in their own way. Their appeal was to the rank and file, not to the intellectuals. The tools they distributed were political primers and Stalin eulogies. They did not make much headway, except in so far as the ingrained docility of the people made them heed the voice of authority.

THE penetration of Russian doctrine into intellectual pores was greatly handicapped in this region—the site of the barbed-wire barricade the West had set up against the Communist East after the First World War. For a generation these millions had heard nothing but evil about the Red Monster. They were therefore predisposed in favor of the West, notably because its roots were far away and did not endanger local political interests. Then, too, the West had far more to offer in literature, art, and political and economic thinking. Here was a mission for the Occident.

The air of this region was filled with Messianic expectation. Again, the Americans were coming. But now they would not withdraw into themselves at the crucial moment. Now they were the main architects of the future, and their country was the home of the United Nations. Indeed, America did not retreat into shamefaced isolation. On the contrary, the halls of peacemakers resounded with the war cries of the West, as the arts and science of propaganda were drawn upon in order to rout the former Eastern Allies. The Middle West was on nodding terms with the Middle East, no less than the Baltic and the Balkans. The frontiers of America were not the Atlantic and Pacific, not the Danube and the Amur, but the North Pole and the South Pole.

Central-Eastern Europe welcomed the great change. But it was not enough. Effective political leadership cannot be exercised without intellectual leadership. Intellectually, the United States remained aloof—isolationist. It manifested no interest in the fate of people who were on the brink of intellectual starvation. We may have let our attitude be perverted by superficial simplifications, viewing that part of the world as a story-book habitat of picturesque peasants and gypsies.

We are largely to blame if the Soviets are about to appropriate the heart of the "heartland." Its inhabitants have reached the conclusion that we are interested in them only as pawns in a global political chess. We have shown interest in their bodies, but not in their souls. The intellectual crisis goes hand in hand with a moral crisis. It is swept by a wave of ethical nihilism the like of which the world has never seen. It is a fight of all against all. Success is the criterion of worth. The strongest elbows receive the loudest paeans;

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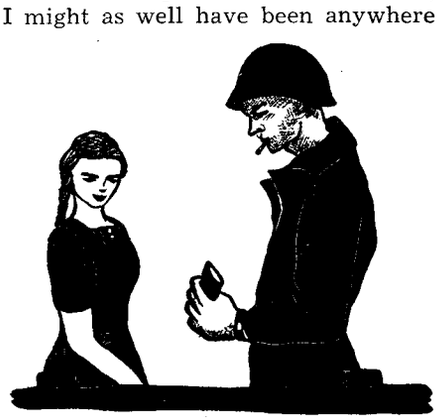
modesty is kicked out of the way. The war, naturally, had prepared the ground. During it the most unscrupulous had the best chance of survival. No new values replaced the discredited idols of the past.

Soviet might lies athwart the road of intellectual rapprochement with this region. Can the far-famed iron curtain be raised? Personal observations prompt the answer: It was in an American Army truck—one of a small convoy—that I crossed from the American zone of Vienna behind the iron curtain into Hungary. It is perhaps beside the point that the impenetrable drapery was a wooden pole. It is, however, definitely not beside the point that we were halted there only because it was pouring and a couple of Hungarian frontier guards besought us to protect them from the inclemency of the weather by taking them in the truck to the nearest village east. American vehicles are neither halted nor inspected at that frontier. The importation of American books has never been challenged, as far as I know. All my book parcels consigned to that region have reached their goals.

In Budapest, the Hungarian Minister of Justice, an old-time trade union, moderate Socialist official, asked me to try to fill a small part of the vacuum by talking to a large group of iron and steel union officials about the labor movement in the United States. They were all extremely eager to listen to an American, who could raise at least a small corner of the curtain that had separated them from the wide world for many years.

I presented not merely the problem of the American labor movement, but also a strongly American point of view. I had done some of the talking about the need for "educating" the Old World and here was my chance. I turned into a propagandist of the American way of life in a country occupied by the Red Army. Nobody had told me what to say and what not to say. A perfectly free give-and-take followed during the question-and-answer period. As far as freedom of expression was concerned, I might as well have been anywhere in the United States. More important, the next morning my address was fully reported in the press, without distortion. If this was a typical experience—and I believe it was—intellectual rapprochement is possible. The authorities might have taken notice if I had been rabidly anti-Soviet.



Much has been lost, but not all. It may not be too late yet to dispatch our intellectual ambassadors into that world of the lost souls. Those ambassadors are human beings, in body and thought. Books, books, books are needed to fill the intellectual void. Not just a few, but many. It would be a worth-while investment to save a crucial region from intellectual anarchy and despair—the progenitor of political nihilism.

Thousands of intellectual leaders should be on their way to man the dikes. Thousands of ours and thousands of theirs. We should learn about their problems, the better to meet their needs. A small investment there may yield huge results. Our isolationary spell will be over if we realize that this is one world, not only physically, but in the interdependence of the human mind.

STATEMENT

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE in the June 1, 1946, issue published a review written by Mr. Wenzell Brown of "Blood in the Streets," a life of Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, dictator of the Dominican Republic. The review contained the statement: "Meanwhile Trujillo spreads the virus of fascism throughout the Caribbean. His vast wealth is used to buy up newspapers. . . ." This was followed at a later point by the statement: "Trujillo's penetration into American territory has been highly successful. He controls two of Puerto Rico's largest newspapers."

Thereafter, Mr. William J. Dorvillier wrote us a letter in which he objected to this statement as indicating that *El Mundo*, a newspaper published in Puerto Rico, is controlled by Trujillo. In his letter, Mr. Dorvillier said that *El Mundo* is one of the two largest newspapers in Puerto Rico, and that its publishers are American citizens who are financially and politically independent of Trujillo. We printed Mr. Dorvillier's letter in our issue of July 20, 1946, as well as a reply by Mr. Wenzell Brown to Mr. Dorvillier's letter.

In response to a request from the publishers of *El Mundo* for further clarification, we are glad to state that *The Saturday Review* did not intend to charge that *El Mundo* is controlled by President Trujillo.

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
FINAL CURTAIN *Ngaio Marsh* (Little, Brown: $2.50)	Troy Alleyn, enticed into painting portrait of famous English actor, almost sees him die—very suspiciously. Then spouse Inspector Alleyn arrives.	(a) Good to have Troy back; (b) good to see her and husband working together; (c) good to follow chilled-steel plot to rewarding end.	Purty ngai perfect
FALSE FACE *Leslie Edgley* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50)	Biographer (of "human hearts") fascinated by past of woman he and diminutive brunette find dead in blazing car. They investigate together.	Research into Charlotte French's background leads Evan Beatty through several deaths, his marriage (to dim. bru.) and finish you *may* expect.	Page Eric Ambler!
THE UNWELCOME CORPSE *Barbara Frost* (Coward-McCann: $2.50)	Girl's corpse in Greenwich Village bathtub starts girl-reporter Jane McDevitt, friendly male rival, and assorted police on chill-checkered chase.	Characters, background, conversation, and suspense all up to snuff. Motivation, method, and solution may disturb persnickety readers.	Lively
GHOST OF A CHANCE *Kelley Roos* (A. A. Wyn: $2.)	Cryptic messages lead able amateurs Haila and Jeff Troy on Manhattan pub-crawl with fatal ending—and violence to come.	Accepting the opening for sake of game, tale has good values as chase-yarn, spine-tingler and adequate deductive item.	Satisfying *cum granum salis*
IT'S AN ILL WILL *Dorothy Major* (Mill: $2.50)	Series of crimes before, during, and after odd New Year's party at Maine-coast mansion solved by newspaperman guest and police.	Harassed wife's "persecution complex" starts hero, heroine, and batch of frenetic house-guests on snow-bound quest for quadruple killer.	Exciting—if implausible
MAKE MINE MACLAIN *Baynard Kendrick* (Morrow: $2.50)	Blind detective Maclain assisted by Seeing Eye dogs Schnucke and Dreist solves three murder cases with Calif. and N. Y. backgrounds.	Motion-picture tycoon's mountain-side home, New York opera house, and Village art studios scenes of puzzling crimes and deft deducing.	Good
THE DARK FANTASTIC *Margaret Echard* (Doubleday: $2.50)	Indiana farm, in post-Civil War days, scene of induced murder, "hauntings," and final defeat of feminine wickedness.	Combination murder, "ghost" story and romance that has practically all it takes to chill and charm — despite some rather stuffy writing.	Very good
STRANGER THAN FICTION *Edgar Wallace and Others* (Howell, Soskin: $3.)	Truncated reprint of "Great Stories of Real Life" (1930) including one original English editorial howler and, possibly, some new errors.	1930 original ran to 1,008 pages for three smackers. Current volume 340 pages—same price, romance and such omitted. Crime Pays.	Another omnibus
THREE-CORNERED CRIME *Jean Leslie* (Crime Club: $2.)	Killings in corrupt Cal. coast town arouse curiosity — and more — of Prof. Peter Ponsonby who sleuths self into pretty pickle.	Crime-wise and husky English teacher profits by almost too many lucky breaks and purifies den of wickedness.	Agreeable
THE GUN AND MR. SMITH *John Godey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Concert pianist inveigled into accompanying thuggish singer at Long Island mansion by her unpredictable lover. Deaths, violence, and international intrigue follow.	Out-of-ordinary "atmospherical" piece, with accent on thrills and action rather than mystery—which isn't bad, at that. Good writing.	Effective
LATTER END *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Superficially sugar-sweet but subcutaneously shrewish English wife drinks poisoned tea. Scotland Yarders grill many suspects — but Miss Silver cooks killer.	Clearing of likable suspects more interesting than solution of cheerable killing. Miss Silver runs true to customarily good form.	Enjoyable

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	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
BEETHOVEN, GROSSE FUGE, Opus 133. Kroll Quartet. Musicraft 73 (2) $2.85	Good quartet recording, but surfaces are poor; records (my copy) badly warped, like many pre-war Musicrafts.	B— to B	Musicraft revives. Commendable job on this furious, ungrateful, great quartet music; but technical trouble (left) makes for hard listening.
SCARLATTI, SONATAS (9). Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord. Musicraft 72 (3) $4.85	Nice, clear harpsichord recording, though over-loud in spots; not as hi-fi as her plastic Gramophone Shop job but perhaps more musical in sound. Records warped.	B	Nine sonatas; several duplicate the Landowska set. Interpretation seems closely studied after Landowska. Good, but far from L. herself in subtleties of rhythm, phrasing.
SCHUBERT, QUARTET IN E FLAT, Op. 125, #1. Guilet Quartet. Concert Hall AE (3 *plastic*)	Good, broad recording; but with irregularities. Level too high on alternate sides, 2, 4, 6; lower on 1, 3, 5. High highs seem lacking.	A— (*plastic*)	The finest of the new quartet groups does a fine performance, somewhat marred by recording troubles. This is early Schubert, like the popular early symphonies.
ITALIAN OPERATIC ARIAS. Helen Traubel; orch. conducted by Charles O'Connell. Columbia M 675 (3) $4.	High fidelity, but with unpleasant studio-type deadness. Balance reasonably good.	A—	Traubel's aria album shows fine vocalism but this music decidedly unsuited to the Traubel style. Orch. is indifferent. Cordon is more *en milieu*; his orch. plays with considerable life. He is sincere, serious, bit weighty. Good singing.
ORATORIO ARIAS. Norman Cordon, RCA Victor Orch. Sylvan Levin. Victor M 1094 (3) $3.85	Auditorium liveness. Unusually fine highs, more than most Victors. Why aren't they all like this one?	A—	
A NIGHT AT CARNEGIE HALL. Pons, Pinza, Stevens, assorted orchs. Columbia M 676 (3) $4.	How were these thrown together? Great variation; some high fidelity, some sound like poor dubs. Pinza's, w. orch, are best.	A	Film stuff. "C. Hall" is hasty potpourri of works, as composed, but mostly in so-so performance. "Humoresque" is elaborately re-composed classics, radio-film style — ingenious or desecration acc. to taste. Well performed.
HUMORESQUE. Isaac Stern, vl. orch cond. Waxman. Columbia M 657 (4) $5.	This is a fine recording, concerto style. Violin exceptional, excellent balance.	A	
PROKOFIEFF, PIANO CONCERTO #3 (1921). Mitropoulos; Robin Hood Dell Orch. Columbia M 667 (3) $4.	Perspective liveness not too good; piano is too near, orch. in background. (Volume balance is OK.) Still an effective recording.	A— to B+	Interesting but somewhat cluttery concerto; a lot of late Rachmaninoff in it! Mitropoulos's piano intense, rhythmic, rather hard. He conducts too.
LONNIE JOHNSON BLUES. Johnson (voice, guitar.) Disc 710 (3 10") $3.93	Voice somewhat scratchy, guitar could be sharper. Good enough job.	B+	An "authentic" old-timer, real artist in his field.
FOLK MUSIC OF THE CENTRAL EAST. USSR. Disc 132 (3 10") $4.75	A surprisingly good set of recordings—apparently made "on the spot."	B	First of an "ethnic series." this is remarkable Eastern-type music, full of weird gargles, strange instruments, fine rhythms. Includes Armenian.
HOVHANESS, CAGE, PIANO WORKS. Maro Ajemian, Alan Hovhaness. Disc 875 (2) $4.04	The strange percussion noises of "prepared piano" are well conveyed. Plain piano tone a bit percussive, too.	B+	Armenian Hovhaness's music is based on Eastern non-harmonic techniques; will take much experience to make sense of it, but interesting to hear. Cage's "prepared piano" is novel medium: music is relatively simple to get.

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the Phoenix Nest

BALLADE TO MY FATHER ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

DOWN the long stretch of patterned sun and shade
The Sundays stand in gold;
—Fifth Avenue,
Your tall hat in the after-church parade,—
These are the ways I love to think of you.
Or in the saddle, from my worm's eye view
Blocking the sky as high as I could gaze—
Till I was tossed up into heaven too—
I love to think of you in all these ways.

Great rollers roared an endless cannonade:
We dove into their icy green, we two!
Riding your shoulders, I was unafraid.
These are the ways I love to think of you.
Fourth of July—and falling from the blue
We saw the paper-pig balloon ablaze!
The tiny man up on the roof was you.
I love to think of you in all these ways.

Round resonance of the guitar you played;
The words distinct, the singing sweet and true,—
"In Old Madrid," and Schubert's Serenade.—
These are the ways I love to think of you.
You read us Kenneth Grahame through and through,
On autumn evenings, toasting by the blaze.
We dozed, and woke for more, and dozed anew;
I love to think of you in all these ways.

L'ENVOI

And yours is still the grandeur that I knew;
(These are the ways I love to think of you),—
And yours the stubborn valor of those days;
I love to think of you in all these ways.

KATE BRACKETT.

* * *

I have received a communication concerning the late Robert G. Ingersoll and the Lotos Club, addressed to—*sic*—the *Hornet's Nest*, and I think that would be a superb title for a column of political gallimaufry, which this column has sometimes tried to be, but is not. Howard Brubaker, of *The New Yorker*, would be a fine editor for it, too!

One item might be that Senator Bilbo, whose idea of replying to a Jewish letter-writer was to address her as "My dear kike"—that chevalier of old Southern courtesy!—has been in the Touro Infirmary at New Orleans. "Judah Touro gave of his wealth, and of the greatness of his spirit, to found this hospital 106 years ago. It is one of the finest medical institutions in the South. Its mercy, like the mercy of Judah Touro, knows no Jew and no gentile, but only mankind." I quote from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

* * *

MME. KARINSKY

It was very select—Mme. Karinsky's boarding house.
She gave cocktail parties in the garden on her Wednesdays.
The invitations were written in white chalk
On blue paper.
And at the bottom she inscribed
"I think you would like to know Lieutenant Van Eyck,"
Or
"Have you met La Farinita?"
(And you've forgotten how many times.)
She charged $4.00—and got the carriage trade.
It was very select—Mme. Karinsky's boarding house.

—They wore black lace; and staggered down two flights of stairs;
No. 32A did an impression of Edna St. Vincent Millay
With a coat turned-out and an old phone book;
Mme. Karinsky herself appeared
Toward evening.
She had the dirtiest seed pearls
In the East Fifties.

No. 31 wrote poetry and kept a sailor
In the South Wing;
She wore a muslin hat and a spiritual expression
No one could doubt.
The garden and Mme. Karinsky were precarious
In the extreme.
Her morning glories *never* came out.
And yet she tried.
She had a lovely soul and used to share her strawberries
With the iceman,
And he, in turn,
Responded.
Even La Farinita (the aged lieder singer
in No. 47)
Said he was very attractive
For an iceman.

Mme. Karinsky had her openings in September
With great regularity,
No. 33B would fall out of the French window
Into the tulip bed
As she had for seven years.
Towards midnight the old actress rehearsed her lines;
And Mme. Karinsky, all tulle and osprey,
Conversed always with uplifted hands.
(Of course, she had very beautiful hands).

Like a Parca in the corner,
The Countess de Gascogne worked on her rug;
Coco Westcott drank gin out of an iced tea glass;
Stirrings to and fro:
Whispers; intimations;
And then, toward morning, suddenly individualized,
Stript, defined as single and apart,
They all crept back to their cells.
It was very select: Mme. Karinsky's boarding house.

HOWARD GRIFFIN.

* * *

Christopher Morley, the Old Mandarin, has been telling me recently of a good old English word with which you may or may not be familiar. He says:

> One version of the old ballad "Sweet William's Ghost" (Child: "English & Scottish Popular Ballads" #77) has the stanza:
>
> Cocks are crowing a merry midlarf,
> I wot the wild fowl boded day,
> Gie me my faith and trouthe again,
> And let me fare me on my way.

Dr. Gummere used to tell us that no one knows what the antique scribe may have meant by *midlarf:* possibly middle-earth which might mean middle night or it might mean the ghostly half-world of which the cock was the boding clarion or curtain-call. Nobody knows, nor exactly what they meant in the ballads by *merry**—it seems to have meant to R. Hood companions, pals, buddies; not mirthful.

*And *Merry* England meant companionable England?

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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MORE BOOKS FOR SPRING

NOW that the war boom in children's books is over, it is interesting to note that book sellers as well as children's libraries are begging for *fewer* and *better* books. The large, flat picture books that were published in such quantities, many of them imitative, most of them of little permanent value, have already become "remainders," and are overstocked in even the second-hand book stores. Today grown-ups who select books for the younger generation are thinking long and carefully about each purchase. In other words books, as well as other luxuries and necessities, are finding their normal level. The publishers' lists this spring are especially good. This is partly because many of the books of last fall have been carried over. In almost all the classifications there are books that are far too good to miss. It would be tragic if book stores, overstocked with less important things, should fail to order them.

The jury for the *Herald Tribune* Spring Book Festival had a hard time making its decision. That the first three prizes went to one publisher is to be regretted. And yet, what could the judges do when, after deep thought and lively discussion, they found these three highest in value? All three are original, exciting, and distinguished in format and illustration. They make the spring of 1947 a memorable one.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

THE ENCHANTED EVE. By Madeleine Lay. Illustrated by Edy LeGrand. New York: Howell, Soskin. 1947. *No paging.* $3.50.

THIS Flemish story of a miracle on St. Sylvain's Eve was first published in Paris ten years ago. The original plates were destroyed in the Second World War and this book was produced from a single copy. The translation from the French is by Willard Trask. It is a beautiful book, printed in black and white with touches of color on paper that is on some pages a soft blue and on others a dull rose.

It is the story of Barbara, the crippled daughter of Judocus, the painter. She is given the power of running, dancing, skating like other children on one night in the year, and she chooses St. Sylvain's Eve, the night of the great Ice Carnival. The miracle is wrought by a strange man dressed as a jester, or wandering player, who comes to Barbara when she is sitting alone in a meadow. When that one night of freedom, with its marvel of flying over the black ice on skates under the stars and its encounter with the pirate ship and the captain, is over the man comes again to Barbara and gives her the choice of repeating the adventure on St. Sylvain's Eve or of becoming a normal, healthy girl. She chooses the latter—and Jean des Brulots and his ship, laden with treasure, returns "to the country of imagination and of dreams."

The story not only takes us into another country but into an atmosphere that is strange and fascinating. It is the artist, however, who gives this book its great value. The use of a heavy white ink on the pastel pages is unusual and very effective, especially in the drawing of the tall pirate ship against a soft blue sky that is bright with great white stars. The figures of the skaters in the Ice Carnival are in brown ink against rose with a line of blue sky at the top of the page. A difficult book to plan and manufacture, it leaves a deep impression and is a lovely thing to own.

JOSEPH: The King James Version of a Well-Loved Tale. Arranged by Elizabeth Yates. Illustrated with Wood Engravings by Nora S. Unwin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1947. 72 *pp.* $2.

—*From "Joseph."*

Elizabeth Yates is particularly successful in presenting the story of Joseph and his father and brothers through a short foreword that gives the main outline and an arrangement of the exact wording of the Old Testament that gives it clarity and continuity. The book is set in an especially beautiful type—English Monotype—and Nora Unwin's wood engravings have great distinction.

LITTLE BROTHER OF THE WILDERNESS. By Meridel La Sueur. Illustrated by Betty Alden. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1947. 68 *pp.* $2.50.

This is the story of Johnny Appleseed, told in a prose so rhythmic that it is like blank verse when you read it aloud. It is set in a large type with many drawings in black and white and in color. It tells how Johnny Appleseed followed the sun every day, lying down in the fields at night befriended by the little animals and by the birds, rising, walking west with the sun, sprinkling his seeds in the rich soil west of the Ohio River, creating his living memorial through the healthy young apple trees that he left in his wake. It is an American legend told for the younger boys and girls.

PARTY SHOES. By Noel Streatfeild. Illustrated by Anna Zinkeisen. New York: Random House. 1947. 333 *pp.* $2.25.

The fifth of Miss Streatfeild's "Shoe" series is laid in an English village during and just after the Second World War. It might well have been called "Pageant Shoes," because the action centers on a pageant planned and given by the delightful family of the village doctor ably assisted by the son of the "squire" who is a wounded veteran and a theatre director. A dainty white party dress and some satin shoes, sent as a gift from America, are the inspiration for the pageant; but before it actually takes place the entire village and the United States Army are involved. It is a gay, courageous story with many amusing scenes and interesting characters.

THE WISE MEN OF HELM AND THEIR MERRY TALES. By Solomon Simon. Illustrated by Lillian Fischel. New York: Behrman House. 1947. 136 *pp.* $2.50.

THE WANDERING BEGGAR: Or the Adventures of Simple Shmerel. By Solomon Simon. Illustrated by Lil-

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lian Fischel. New York: Behrman House. 1947. 118 *pp.* $2.25.

These are the Jewish folktales told by the people of Helm who are foolish folk, betrayed by their dreams, impractical but amusing and lovable. Simple Shmerel is the town fool who is able to solve his problems through his simplicity, gullibility, and kindliness. Like all folktales, these are most effective when they are told. The drawings, printed in green and black, give a good sense of background and of the characters. Especially recommended to storytellers.

HOW THE UNITED NATIONS WORKS. By Tom Galt. Illustrated by Norman Tate. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1947. 218 *pp.* $2.

This is a history of the forming of the United Nations organization and an analysis of how it functions. It is by the author of a fascinating book called "Volcano." He tells the story directly, as though he were talking to us, and he uses parallels in everyday life to illustrate his points. There is a list of member nations, of special agencies, and the full text of internaticnal agreements like the Atlantic Charter. The manner of presenting it and the lively and amusing cartoons that illustrate it make it a book that will probably appeal to young people. It is an excellent reference book for schools.

THE MIDDLE SISTER. By Miriam E. Mason. Illustrated by Grace Paull. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 160 *pp.* $1.75.

When Sarah Samantha Glosbrenner's family moved West she insisted upon taking along her favorite apple tree, which she called "Miss Appleseed." Her uncle wore a lion's tooth on his watch chain which he said he would give to her when she overcame her natural timidity and showed real initiative and courage. How she protected the fruit of Miss Appleseed from the depradations of good-natured but greedy Indians and made an apple dumpling for Uncle Romeo, thereby winning the lion's tooth, make an appealing story. Grace Paull's drawings are fresh and amusing.

SUSAN AND THE BUTTERBEES. By Ralph Bergengren. Illustrated by Anne Vaughn. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1947. 176 *pp.* $2.

Susan, whose mother was always busy with one sort of club meeting or another, might have been a lonely little girl had it not been for her forty-seven uncles. These uncles were originally sand-pipers—until Fairy Maud put her spell upon them. From then on whenever Susan needed anything —there were the uncles to make her wish come true. Susan is a wide-eyed child who accepts politely and without question the mysterious comings and goings of the forty-seven uncles. Their efforts to entertain her, often in verse, sometimes seem a bit silly to Susan.

This is delightful nonsense, written with a sure, light touch and illustrated with line drawings that are in complete harmony with the story.

BLUE REMEMBERED HILLS. By Nancy Stonestreet. New York: Coward-McCann. 1947. 154 *pp.* $2.50.

This story of Deborah's ninth year is a record of the awakening of a sensitive, spirited child to the strange contradictions in human nature. Al-

—From "The Secret of the Porcelain Fish."

ways Deborah had loved beauty, had lived in the world of Nature; but in this year she became aware of people —and rebels at human cruelty and injustice. All children, in one way or another, come to a time when they rail against the injustice that seems a part of life. Deborah, with her precocity, her sensitive conscience, her passion for right had friends who fostered these qualities in her.

An idyllic story in its simplicity, its lovely interpretation of the country through the cycle of the seasons, this is also a haunting reminder of the joy and the sorrow that we experience in the fierce intensity of our growing years. Deborah is a living person who will long remain with the reader. A charming, thoughtful book, this will probably appeal to older chidren and to grown-ups.

THE YOUNG BARBARIANS. By Helen R. Sattley. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1947. 212 *pp.* $2.

Barbara's junior year in high school

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was complicated by the necessity of adjusting herself to a stepmother. It was some time before she realized that there were other adjustments, that the high-school crowd was not altogether easy to take. This is an understanding story of modern young people, although the methods chosen as a basis for working out their problems are not very original. The characters are interesting and very real. We all have met them in real life.

THE RAIN FOREST. Text and Illustrations by Armstrong Sperry. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 190 *pp.* $2.50.

The story of Chad Powell's trip through the jungles of New Guinea to join his father, who is seeking the rare King of Saxony bird of paradise. In background and action it is an exciting record. Any boy will envy Chad the trip although it held great discomfort and, often, danger. The illustrations, printed in a clear green, make the forest and the mountains, the houses and the people of New Guinea vivid. The jacket and end-papers are in deep, rich color.

THE SECRET OF THE PORCELAIN FISH. By Margery Evernden. Illustrated by Thomas Handforth. New York: Random House. 1947. 150 *pp.* $2.25.

Thomas Handforth's drawings would make this book memorable. But the story, too, is a good one. The scene is a city in China famous for its pottery, the hero is Yuan Fu, a boy who wears around his neck a piece of green jade. There is a mystery in his origin. There is mystery, too, in the white porcelain bowl that, when it is filled with water, shows on its side an exquisite blue fish. It is an exciting plot, and some of the phrasing in the story is a joy to read. Well designed and printed, it should reach a wide age-range.

JANE. By Jean Gould. Illustrated by Jean Stahl. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 248 *pp.* $2.50.

This story of Jane Austen's life reads like a novel—and a very charming novel at that. It begins in the vicarage where Jane lives with her father and mother, her five brothers and one sister, Cassandra. Jane was born in December in the year 1775. Following the life in that happy and devoted family one understands how an eighteenth-century girl, the daughter of a clergyman, could depart from tradition and become a popular and beloved figure in the English literary world. Through all the village and country life, the trips to Bath and the later years in London, Jane moves—alert, humorous, capable, very lovable. This is sure to be a biography that will become popular. One wonders if it will not add many readers to Jane Austen's long list.

THE OWEN BOYS. By Hazel Wilson. Illustrated by William Sharp. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 1947. 192 *pp.* $2.

Steve and Thad lived near the Kennebec River in the State of Maine. The family moved from the farm at Solon to the little town of Elmwood where Mr. Owen had bought a grocery store. They have their troubles but they meet them with such humor and good sense that they melt away like snow before the sun. Steve is like his father—solid and responsible. Thad is like no one—but himself. Hazel Wilson knows how Maine people think and work and speak. Rosy-cheeked, capable Mrs. Owen has her counterpart in hundreds of New England villages. And how she could cook! Here are a good story and lovable, amusing characters. Here is food that makes your mouth water.

ADOPTED JANE. By Helen F. Daringer. Illustrated by Kate Seredy. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1947. 225 *pp.* $2.

The James Ballard Memorial Home was a fairly good orphanage, as orphanages go; but Jane Douglas wanted a home of her own, a family, and a dog who would be her constant companion. She dreamed dreams about them and made up wonderful stories. Then two letters came, one from Mrs. Thurman in Danbury and one from Mrs. Scott in Cherry Valley. They both wanted a little girl to spend a month with them in the summer. Jane decided that she was the luckiest girl in the world when the matron let her accept both invitations, spending July with Mrs. Thurman and August with Mrs. Scott. It did not turn out quite like this, because Miss Fink at the orphanage fell down and strained her arm, and Jane had to go back and take care of the babies. But Jane had had five blissful weeks as the member of a family. Everyone liked her because she had courage and humor and intelligence. No reader will be half so surprised as Jane was when she found that both Mrs. Thurman and Mrs. Scott wanted to adopt her. Her reason for selecting Mrs. Thurman is sensible and logical—as is everything that Jane does. This is a refreshing story, told skilfully and with a flair for creating amusing and interesting people. Kate Seredy's drawings make the period around 1900. But wherever and whenever Jane lived, she would be well worth knowing.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 686

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

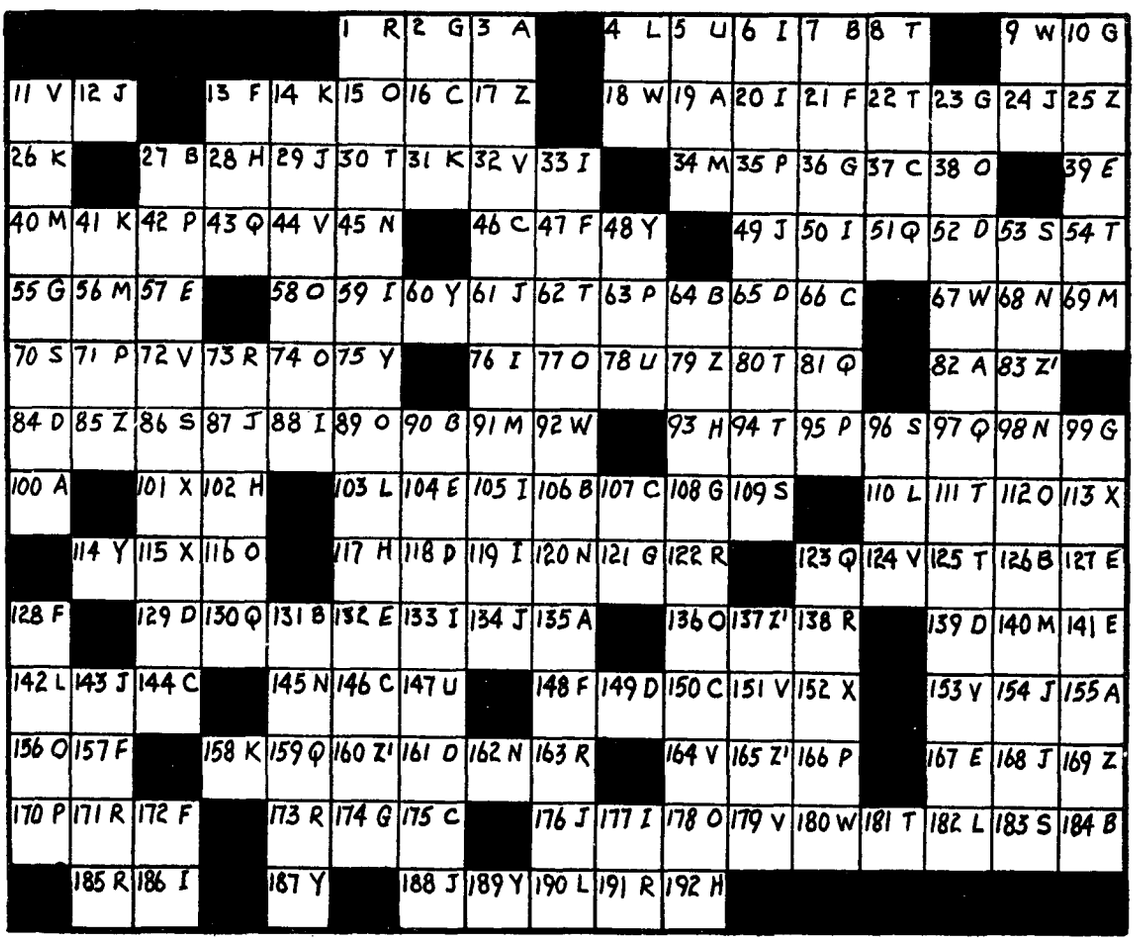
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To maintain; stick to (2 wds.).	82 155 100 3 19 135
B. Tragedy by Euripides, on which Gluck based an opera.	7 90 64 184 27 106 126 131
C. To show the sudden liberation of heat by a metal when cooling through a certain critical temperature (Physics).	107 175 37 46 66 146 144 16 150
D. A cleaning up or out; an escape.	149 161 139 129 65 118 52 84
E. Made an offering of in worship or sacred service (Eccles.).	104 167 39 127 132 141 57
F. First name of noted New England abolitionist (1811-84).	13 157 47 148 172 21 128
G. Great dam in the Catskill watershed, N. Y.	23 55 2 108 174 10 121 36 99
H. Town in Holland noted for its pottery.	192 117 28 102 93
I. Inconsistency; incongruity.	177 88 76 59 105 186 20 50 6 133 119 33
J. The Granite State.	134 12 188 24 29 143 49 176 154 61 87 168
K. Turned toward the driver.	14 41 158 31 26
L. An emblem of hope in fine arts and heraldry.	142 182 103 4 110 190
M. One who whimpers like a child or a cat.	69 40 34 91 56 140

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Coined; fabricated; invented.	145 120 162 98 68 45
O. The science dealing with the representation of spoken sounds by means of letters.	77 156 58 38 89 178 112 136 15 74 116
P. Cathedral city of England.	166 170 42 95 63 71 35
Q. Principal star in Scorpio.	51 43 81 159 97 130 123
R. A fiber obtained from a tropical sedge, used in making paper and cord (*Fimbristylis complanata*).	163 73 171 138 191 185 1 173 122
S. One of the Erinyes (Gr. Myth.).	96 109 86 183 53 70
T. Last name of the imaginary person, the "typical Russian."	22 111 181 8 80 30 54 62 125 94
U. Father of Joshua (Bib.).	78 5 147
V. Play by Percy MacKaye based on Hawthorne's, "Feather-top" (with "The").	179 164 151 32 44 11 72 124 153
W. Dilatory; given to delay.	180 18 9 67 92
X. A salmon in its third year; also, in hunting, the kill.	152 101 113 115
Y. The Baltic Sea in early post-glacial time (called from mollusks in its waters).	75 189 60 48 114 167
Z. European fresh-water food fish, allied to the dace and the ide, noted for longevity.	85 25 79 169 17
Z'. Common food fish allied to the cod (Atlantic and Pacific coasts).	137 165 160 83

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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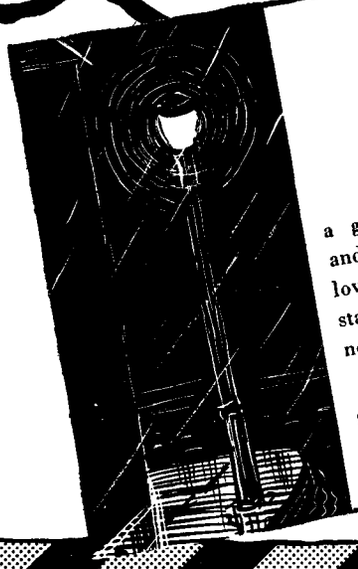

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